

The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



FATHER TIME TURNS ANOTHER LEAF

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

OUR WHITE GOODS CATALOGUE

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The above illustration appears on the back cover of our Whitewear Catalogue.

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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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\$1.35

J-0101
\$1.00

J-8204
65¢



J-8195
\$1.59

J-8203
\$1.35



J-8190
\$1.85

J-8205
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J-8201
85¢

J-8204. Waist made of good quality *White Lawn*, front trimmed with four rows of lace insertion and clusters of shoulder tucks; large full length sleeve with deep cuff, trimmed with lace insertion and small tucks; back and collar tucked; buttoned in front. **Sale Price**..... **.65**

J-8201. Waist made of good quality *White Lawn*; three rows of embroidery insertion extend down the front with rows of lace insertion either side; large full length sleeve with deep cuff, trimmed with tucks, embroidery and lace insertion front, back and collar tucked; buttoned in front. **Sale Price**..... **.85**

J-0101. Waist made of good quality *White Lawn*; front trimmed in bolero effect with two rows of embroidery insertion on either side; also has clusters of small tucks and embroidery insertion down the centre; collar and cuffs trimmed with embroidery insertion; back has two clusters of small tucks; buttoned in front. **Sale Price**..... **1.00**

J-8205. Waist made of fine *White Lawn*; front has panel of embroidery on either side, trimmed with four rows of valenciennes lace insertion and clusters of small tucks; large full length sleeve with deep tucked cuff trimmed with two rows of valenciennes lace insertion and edged with frill of lace; back has three clusters of small tucks and four 1/4 inch tucks; buttoned in front. **Sale Price**..... **1.25**

J-8189. Waist of fine *White Lawn*; front made in yoke effect with dainty embroidered panel, valenciennes lace insertion and clusters of small tucks; attached collar of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; large full length sleeve with tucked cuff, trimmed with two rows of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back and finished with four clusters of small tucks. **Sale Price**..... **1.35**

J-8195. Waist made of fine quality *White Lawn*; has Swiss embroidered front with clusters of fine tucking and wide tuck extending from shoulder in Gibson effect; attached collar of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; large full length sleeve with deep cuff, finished with small tucks and two rows of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back; finished with four clusters of small tucks. **Sale Price**..... **1.59**

J-8203. Waist of fine *White Lawn*; front made with set of three dainty embroidered panels, trimmed with valenciennes lace insertion and fine tucks; 3/4 length sleeve; cuff trimmed with two rows of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back and finished with four clusters of fine tucks; attached collar of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace. **Sale Price**..... **1.35**

J-8190. Waist made of fine white *Swiss Lawn*; front elaborately trimmed with dainty panel of Swiss embroidery and rows of fine valenciennes lace insertion, also has clusters of small shoulder tucks, giving ample fullness to the front; 3/4 length sleeve; cuff finished with tucks and valenciennes lace insertion, edged with frill of lace; attached collar of lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back and trimmed with two rows of valenciennes lace insertion and four clusters of small tucks. **Sale Price**..... **1.85**

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TORONTO, CANADA

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

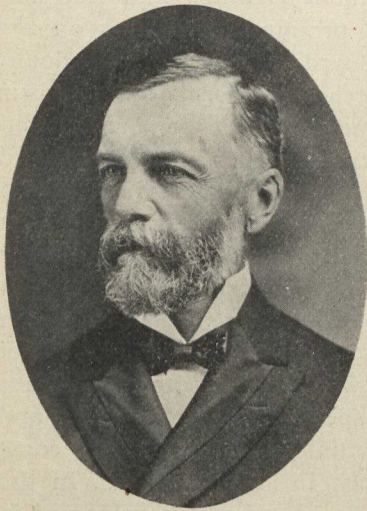
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Vol. III.

Toronto, December 28th, 1907.

No. 4

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



The late Hon. J. I. Tarte.

MR. TARTE has gone, and Mr. Tarte was a typical Canadian in many ways. A French-Canadian is usually more typical of his country than a descendant of any other race could be. He wanted to be in the public eye a great deal, and Canadians would sooner be talked of than to amass wealth and pass unnoticed. He had faith in the young nation and wanted to do things for the public rather than for himself; this also is somewhat characteristic. He was a prodigious worker and decidedly daring—two features which are more typical of North America than of Europe. Further, he was reckless of his strength and health, and this, alas, is also typical of this continent.

The Conservatives accused the Laurier Government, when Mr. Tarte was a member of it, of being extravagant. The estimates for the year foreshadowed increased expenditures. It was then that Mr. Tarte uttered that historical phrase, "Just wait till you see us next year." To a great extent this also is typical of Canada in the present stage of her development. If our cities and our public undertakings and our private businesses show great expansion this year, we take it to be but our just reward and we exclaim, "Wait until you see us next year."

Mr. Tarte was a great journalist, a greater journalist than a politician. He talked too much and had not quite enough of the solidity which should characterise a great administrator. When he wrote he was at his best. He was illuminating, graceful and forceful. His sentences were short and pregnant. His work was far above the level of high-class mediocrity which is so prevalent in Canadian newspaperdom. He made "La Patrie"; he created it. To-day it is second among the French dailies and ranks high in the list which includes all Canadian journals with an influence. His passing is a journalistic loss.

* * *

Mr. Sifton continues his energetic promotion of the All-Red Line. If he succeeds in nothing else, he is drawing the attention of the people of the Empire to the advantage which Canada holds as the half-way house between Great Britain and the Australian colonies or the growing commercial ports of Asia. He is advertising the country in a most striking manner. Of course, Mr. Sifton is always thorough, painstaking and energetic in pursuing what he undertakes. He is tenacious. His tenacity is being tested this time, since the task he has set himself is enormous. The British Free-Trader hates the word "subsidy." With him it is a mean sort of "protection." To overcome this prejudice and to get British support for an All-Red Line seems an almost impossible task. Perhaps that is why Mr. Sifton has essayed it.

* * *

It must be a cruel blow to Sir Richard Cartwright to have the Toronto "Star" denounce his old age annuity scheme. Sir Richard has not been able to do much recently to keep himself in the public view. His day is almost gone, but like every other man who has been a power in his day, he hesitates to take an obscure corner. His pet scheme, the child of his old age, is denounced by a Liberal newspaper as useless, inadequate, "pottering." Sir Richard deserves better treatment at the hands of a party of which he was long one of the great men. Perhaps the House will be more generous than the press.

* * *

The residents of Victoria who are of Maritime Province origin, met in the Pacific coast city on the night of Friday, December 13th, to listen to an address on "Joseph Howe," by Rev. W. Leslie Clay.

It was the 103rd anniversary of Howe's birthday and it was fitting that it should be celebrated in that portion of Canada which Howe saw only in his imagination, but whose greatness he accurately foretold.

* * *

Mr. Cecil Doutre, superintendent of the Government wireless service, expects that the five British Columbia stations will be in working order by the fifteenth of January.

* * *

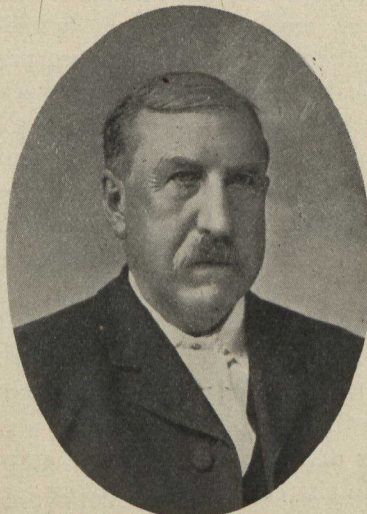
The battle for Centre York has been highly interesting, affording a holiday attraction which has kept local politicians on the qui vive. Hon. William Paterson, whose robust basso is always impressive among Government speakers, closed the Liberal campaign at Mimico with a thunderous burst of such eloquence as the record of the last decade inspired. Hon. G. E. Foster and Mr. R. R. Gamey had spoken in the same hall a few evenings before the appearance of the Minister of Customs and Mr. Paterson devoted much energy to an attempt to turn the tables of figures which these gentlemen had presented. There is nothing to agitate either side in an appeal for popular favour and only an inveterate politician can work up political loyalty in Christmas week. Mr. Archibald Campbell, who has retired to the classic repose of the Senate, was a man of decided local popularity and knew his ground with a thoroughness which few candidates achieve. The name of Wallace was a mighty one in York in the old days but it can hardly perform conjuring feats. Mr. Foster's activity has been remarkable, his speeches being characterised with the incisive vigour and critical keenness which render him one of our most formidable public debaters.

* * *

Mr. M. B. Davis, of Montreal, has been telling the public of the excellent results which will flow from the new Canadian treaty with France. Mr. Davis, though only forty-three years of age, may be said to share with Sir William Macdonald the honour of being termed "The Tobacco King." He is president of the Empire Tobacco Company and the American Tobacco Company, a director of the B. Houde Company which is the largest manufacturer of cut tobacco in Canada, and occupies other important commercial positions. He is also a director of the Union Bank. Mr. Davis has been the architect of his own fortunes and his wealth is of his own creation.

* * *

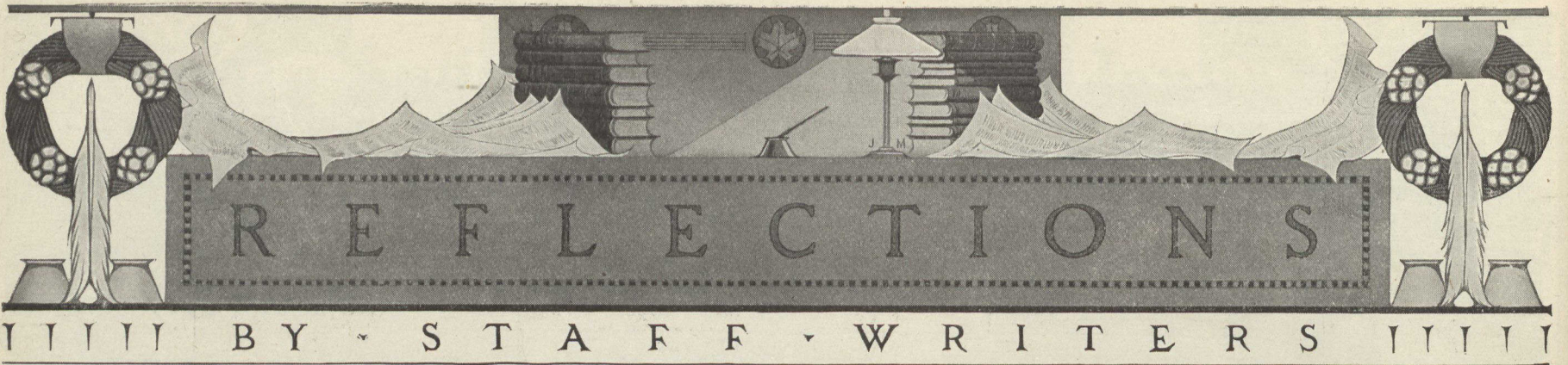
Mr. George Ham, reputed to be the most popular and best known individual in Canada and prosaically termed advertising representative of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has consented to allow his photograph to be reproduced in the national weekly. He has almost recovered from his long illness and his friends are expressing the hope that he will long be spared to enliven this dull existence with his unflinching good humour and his unending store of recollection and reminiscence. The news that Mr. Ham is almost his own self again will be welcome in every province, for his journalistic and railway acquaintance recognises only national limits.



Mr. George Ham,
Advertising Representative of C.P.R.



Mr. M. B. Davis,
President of American Tobacco Co.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

MANY of the leading towns and cities in Western Ontario, including Toronto, will vote upon power by-laws next week.

In other words, they will vote to decide whether they will become partners with the Ontario Government in a provincial distribution of electricity from Niagara Falls. This distribution will not be really provincial, because Hamilton, St. Catharines, Orillia, Bracebridge and Gravenhurst have already a power supply from other sources, and the towns east of Toronto and those along the Georgian Bay are too far away, apparently, to be served from the Falls. Ottawa already has a supply from a nearby source, and other Eastern Ontario municipalities may be favoured later by applying to other water-powers the scheme now being worked out in connection with Niagara Falls.

ONTARIO FOR CHEAP POWER

This, in a few words, is the power situation in that Province. No matter how the vote goes in the smaller cities and towns, much depends upon the vote in Toronto. If that city votes down its by-law, and resolves to depend upon some other means of ensuring cheap power, a new situation will be created. At the time of writing, the campaign is at full height and much interest is being taken. Those in favour of the by-law expect it to carry by a majority of three to one. Those opposed to it are confident that it will be beaten.

The argument for the Toronto by-law is the necessity of cheap power and cheap light. The arguments against it are more complex. The companies now supplying power and light have invested sixteen million dollars and it is claimed that the fairer way would be to buy out these plants rather than duplicate. Again, the Government proposes to buy its power at Niagara Falls from a purely American company which has no money invested in transmission lines in Ontario, a proceeding which is not favoured by many people who put patriotism before politics. A third argument is that the city would be wiser to carry out other reforms connected with water filtration and sewage disposal before going in for an expensive power policy which at best will benefit but a small portion of the community.

This summary may enable readers of "The Courier" in the other provinces to understand the significance of the voting which takes place next week. If the various by-laws carry, Ontario will enter upon a period of Government experiment in power supply. If they are defeated, or if even the Toronto by-law is voted down, the Government will be forced to reconstruct its policy and turn to expropriation or rate-regulation. There is no doubt that the saner minds in the Government and the Province would welcome a more conservative policy than has been advocated by the Power Commission, but the decision rests with the people.

THE women of Canada are not given to hysterical public attack, either on a musical genius from Poland or Hungary or on local magnates. Hence, when they take an active interest in matters of public concern and form a deputation as representative of "house-

WHEN WOMAN SPEAKS OUT

keepers and home-makers," their course deserves respectful and practical consideration. Last week a body of thirty members of the Women's National Council went to the members of Toronto's Board of Control and, seated around the sacred mahogany of the City Hall, told those gentlemen their frank opinion regarding the failure to supply the second city of this broad Dominion with pure water. It might be regarded as an historic occasion for the members of the Board of Control have not frequently been confronted with citizens who regard deaths from typhoid fever as an entirely serious matter when they are partially attributable to civic negligence. Any one of these Controllers would be willing to talk glibly concerning the sacredness of life. But the time of aldermanic gentlemen is of value and, after all, only thirty-three years have been consumed in the course of receiving ten different documents, compiled by experts who have shown the defects in Toronto's water-works system. During the last decade many

young citizens have died of typhoid fever. But few aldermen have been carried off in that fashion; so the community has not suffered so severely as it might have done in the case of all the City Fathers being water-drinkers. Among the members of this feminine delegation were such sane and broad-minded students of public affairs as Lady Edgar, Lady Moss, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings and Miss FitzGibbon. Mrs. Archibald M. Huestis, convenor of the Public Health Committee, and Dr. Helen MacMurchy were the most prominent speakers on the occasion and left the members of the Board of Control in no doubt as to the thoroughness of the delegates' technical information and their seriousness of purpose. The usual game of jocose personality and feeble postponement was played by the civic officials but was checked at every move by women who knew what they were talking about and who were determined to have their appeal amount to more than talk. This action on the part of intelligent and patriotic women comes not one moment too soon. Whatever may be said about woman's place in provincial or federal politics, there can be no doubt of her right to be heard and heeded in civic matters. The streets of Montreal are a filthy abomination. The water of Toronto is a menace to health. Who should have a right to speak of civic cleanliness and sanitation if not the women of the community? The time has come when they must take a personal interest in such matters. In the United States, the streets of certain cities have been transformed in appearance since the women have insisted on the "white wings" movement. When the best women in a community make up their minds and hearts that enough of criminal carelessness has been endured, the candidates for municipal honours may arouse to consider that election means responsibility.

FOR some months, this journal has protested from time to time against the action of the larger banks in sending money to New York to be invested in call loans, at a time when this money was greatly needed at home and at a time when the banks were withdrawing millions from circulation in order to increase the amount of "reserve" in their vaults.

BRINGING HOME THE MONEY

In September, the amount of Canadian money in New York amounted to 63 millions. During October and November 22 millions of this were brought back to Canada, and the amount there on November 30th was but 41 millions. The current loans outside Canada have also decreased in the same period. We must conclude, therefore, that the banks have done what they could in October and November to undo what they did in July and August. For this, we are willing to give them all due credit.

There is one feature which detracts somewhat from the full credit which might otherwise come to the banks. During November alone, the deposits in the banks decreased about seventeen millions of dollars, showing that people are finding other use for their balances than keeping them in the banks earning a paltry three per cent. This withdrawal of deposits has offset the banking advantage which would naturally accrue from the bringing back of this money from New York. The banks have really no more money than they had in September with which to transact Canadian business.

Just what has become of the seventeen millions of withdrawn deposits it is impossible to tell with any degree of authority. It is reasonable to assume, however, that it has been used largely in private loans. Builders, manufacturers, wholesalers and financiers have been offering six to seven per cent. for money on the best possible security. It is only natural to believe that certain wise people with bank balances have taken advantage of a profitable opportunity. Further, many standard stocks have been selling at bargain prices, and there has been considerable investment buying. At November prices, Nova Scotia Steel pays 10.91 per cent.; Richelieu & Ontario 8.62, Mackay common 7.84, Dominion Textile preferred 7.37, Lake of the Woods

preferred 7.37, Ogilvie preferred 6.36, Montreal Power 7.14, Toronto Railway 6.38 and so on through the list.

As these bargain prices are likely to continue for some time and as loans on first-class securities at high rates are still obtainable, it is possible that the banks will find it necessary to continue drawing money from abroad in order to meet the usual demands of those customers whom they can not afford to offend or to lose.

CORPORATIONS which operate what are termed public utilities are learning a lesson. The action of the President of the Bell Telephone Company in going to Manitoba and consulting with Premier Roblin as to how that field could most reasonably be divided

LEARNING THE LESSON between the Company and the provincial telephone system is evidence of this new attitude.

A corporation must fight for its rights, but it should be careful not to run its head against a stone wall. When the Railway Commission was formed, the railway corporations accepted the situation and proceeded to make the best of it. The express companies are doing the same. When the telegraph and telephone companies are brought under that Commission, they will undoubtedly follow the same practice. All these corporations could refuse to obey the orders of the Commission and could enter upon what might be interminable litigation. They chose the better part and their action entitles them to the fullest consideration by the public and the authorities.

The Western Provinces have decided to own their own telephone lines and if the Bell Telephone Company were to undertake to fight for a monopoly there the fight would be expensive and as it proceeded would arouse greater and greater opposition. The wisest course for the corporation is to try to reach an understanding, and its reasonable attitude will commend it to the good judgment of the provincial governments and to the people generally. The corporation which tries to grasp too much will find itself in the position of the boy who tried to draw the large handful of chestnuts out of the pitcher.

The great trouble in the past with many corporations, great and small, has been their unwillingness to recognise that the public has any rights. They have too often sought to grasp at exorbitant profits or to render the public inadequate service. Their conduct in this respect has but accelerated the adoption by the people of municipal and government ownership principles. If the public, as in the city of Toronto to-day, is filled with anger against public utility corporations, these associations of capitalists have no one to blame but themselves. If the public goes too far, if agitators begin to talk of confiscation and elimination of legal franchises, there will be a revulsion of feeling and the pendulum will swing back. Common sense and moderation are as necessary on the one side as on the other.

A NEW political idea, like a planet, swims into our ken. In his opening speech this session Mr. Borden alluded to the proposal for the establishment of undersecretaryships, and now Mr. Ross intends to move in the Senate for some such change. Presumably

UNDER-SECRETARYSHIPS each Cabinet Minister is to be given an under-secretary who will master the details of the business in the department, answer questions in the House, and bear a share of the increasing burden of administrative work. In such offices young men will find an attractive entrance to political life, and we shall no longer be able to complain of the lack of Cabinet timber. Though Mr. Mackenzie King, for example, makes an admirable civil servant, there can be no question but that he would have more direct influence upon the political thought of the country and upon the conduct of affairs in the House of Commons if he were a member of Parliament. The undersecretaries, be it remembered, are not to take the place of our present deputy-ministers and permanent heads of departments; they are to be elected by the people, and to be responsible to the people; to be, in a word, junior ministers, though not actually members of the Cabinet. Years ago could Mr. Bourassa have found or accepted some such post, he would have moulded public opinion in the country even more than he has, and influenced his own party as well. "The taints of liberty, the flash and outbreak of a fiery mind" which some see in him could not have shown themselves. With such assistance, Cabinet Ministers would be left free to take up the broader tasks of statesmanship, and above all to keep themselves and their ideas before the public. As it is, in the round of daily duties the minister is often quite lost to view.

This new idea was suggested by the practice in the Old Country, where a minister sitting in the Lords is represented in the Commons by a younger member of the party. Many a public man begins in this way to mount the rungs of the ladder. He shows his mettle.

He will pass to a great destiny, or else "the growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing will make him fly an ordinary pitch." What will be the lot of the present secretary to Lord Elgin in the Colonial Office, Mr. Winston Churchill, none can say. In Canada, members of the Cabinet who are also Senators, like Sir Richard Cartwright, might well speak in the Commons through an undersecretary. But whether we can go further and give each minister sitting in the Lower House an aide-de-camp is an open question. If confusion will result, or any decline in ministerial responsibility, then the remedy will be worse than the disease. But the danger is slight and we can try almost anything which will help us to turn the minds of younger Canadians to politics as to an open and honourable career.

PENSIONS are growing in popularity, and it is expected that the Dominion Government will this session introduce a measure whereby any citizen may purchase an annuity under certain conditions. Provision for old age by some agency other than the individual himself

SPREAD OF PENSION IDEA is a distinctly socialistic move. Nor can it be regretted, even by the bitterest anti-socialist, that the Canadian people are not scared away from reform by the beating of a big drum and a cry of "socialism." The brotherhood-of-man idea is gaining ground and no one may successfully deny to-day that he is his brother's keeper.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has a pension system whereby an employee at sixty-five years of age or upon being incapacitated, receives a percentage of his average salary during the last ten years of his service. This percentage is determined by the number of years he has been in the employ of the company. Entering at twenty and retiring at sixty-five, a man would receive 45 per cent. If his average salary for the last ten years were \$1,000, he would receive \$450 a year for life. Further, this system is financed entirely and voluntarily by the Company. The Grand Trunk Railway is putting a like system into force, the details being very similar. Employees on the Inter-colonial contribute one and a half per cent. of their salaries, and on retirement they receive one and a half per cent. of their average salary. There is a minimum allowance of \$240 and a maximum of two-thirds of the salary. Provision is also made for an allowance to the widow.

In Halifax, Toronto and many other cities, there are Police Funds to provide pensions for members of the force. In Halifax, civic employees have a similar fund made up of a contribution of four per cent. and an allowance of one-fiftieth of the salary of each year of contributing. Halifax has also a Firemen's Fund and a Teachers' Pension System. Other cities have similar organisations with more or less different foundations. There can be little doubt that this system of public and civic pension funds will spread rapidly as the country expands.

There will be cases, of course, where the system will tend to extravagance. Toronto has a retired University president drawing \$5,000 a year, and a retired Collegiate principal drawing about \$3,000. Judges draw large pensions in Canada, and in some cases more perhaps than they justly deserve. Yet it is well to reward public service generously. If there could be some method of giving a little extra to those who have shown decided efficiency, it would be more satisfactory, but a "system" is necessarily devoid of latitude for individual treatment. The lazy often share equally with the diligent, and the broad-minded observer will overlook the little inequalities for the sake of the greater good.

THE editorial comment last week on the subject of "uncivilised amusements" did not meet with unqualified assent, nor was it expected that such would be its reception. We made no sweeping assertion that all vaudeville performances are vulgar nor that the

MORE ABOUT AMUSEMENTS woman who occasionally attends a matinee is lacking in discernment. But there is no doubt that the young man whose conversational stock-in-trade is vaudeville wit and the girl who counts that week lost which is unmarked by matinee and melodrama are lacking in the finer graces of civilisation. The only conclusion to be drawn from observing the crowds which swarm to performances which are sometimes worse than horseplay is that many Canadian homes have failed to give the younger generation a taste for the things which are more excellent. No later training can take the place of that childhood atmosphere of high imagination which is found by many an humble hearth. More is wanted in these days and in this country of that noble Wordsworthian spirit which found joy even in the "star-shaped shadow" of the daisy and which was true to its principle of plain living and high thinking. One of Canada's most influential citizens recently told of the evening amusements in the quiet farmhouse of his boyhood and their nature explained much of his present enjoyment of clean mirth and appreciation of "the smiles which know no cruelty."

Through a Monocle

THERE are few men to whom Canada has owed more, and paid less, than to Joseph Israel Tarte. So much of the debt as post-mortem eulogy could pay was lavished very generously upon his bier; but while the man lived and could feel and give blows, he received precious little of even this promissory note sort of payment. Yet what Mr. Tarte did for Canada makes up a formidable catalogue. He exposed and broke up the McGreevy gang. It would be impossible to compute what this saved the country in solid cash. He thus launched a series of enquiries into shady dealings which did not stop until it had cleansed more than one department at Ottawa and had broken down the Pacaud toll-gate at Quebec. That deed done, he put more fighting vigour into the Liberal Opposition at Ottawa than any other half-dozen of its members; and, if the country has reason to rejoice at the substitution of the Laurier Government for the "nest of traitors"—and I think it has—he had a lion's share in conferring that benefit upon us.

* * *

When the Liberals came in, Mr. Tarte took a large percentage of their courage into the Privy Council room under his hat. He was the antidote which prevented the poison of pessimistic and picayune McMullenism from paralysing the activities of the new ministry, and keeping them down to the carping and cheese-paring policy which had become chronic with a section of the party while in Opposition. He was the "hold over" of what was best in the enterprising Macdonald regime which came to strengthen the hands of Laurier. He was an influence which fought against any jehad on the native industries that had grown up under protection and still needed help. He often called himself a Conservative; and he brought to the Administration, of which he was so active—and often so irritating—a member, many qualities which were no more conservative than radical, but which were optimistically national. His influence led to the spending of a lot of money on the equipment of the nation over against the "boom" times to come; and there is not a man to-day who will not say that his foresight was sound.

* * *

He made the enemies which a vigorous and pugnacious fighting man is bound to make. He was always shooting and being shot at. He was savagely attacked by the "Globe" while still a Minister in the Liberal Government. He was called a traitor, and, if possible, harder names. At times, he seemed to march straight in the teeth of public opinion. Much of this was due to the fact that when he said a thing, he said it aggressively. He did not often utter the conciliatory word.

He did not endeavour to leave the impression that he was really on your side of the question when he was opposing you. He was more apt to make his friends feel that he was attacking them by the independent manner he marched out in front of them and fought for his own hand. But he was individual. He was not a copyist. He made his own career, fought for his own ideas, and himself took the consequences.

* * *

More men like Tarte would make our politics better worth while. We lack men with ideas. We have plenty of men who can talk from a "brief" and embroider with fine phrases the settled policy of their party. But we have few men who are creative, who think for themselves and insist upon letting the country know that they are doing it. As a rule, it does not matter much which one of a group of party leaders is on his feet. We will get nothing in any case but the duly authorised bill-of-fare. When Tarte arose, however, no one—not even his desk-mate—knew exactly what he was going to say. In this, he was not unlike the late Dalton McCarthy—two men, by the way, who had a good deal of admiration for each other. I remember sitting in the Press Gallery one day long ago in the stormy session of 1891. Next me sat Louis P. Kribs, one of the best journalists this country ever produced, and a man well in the confidence of the Conservative party. The Liberals had just made a new scandal charge, and the debate was on. Finally Mr. Dalton McCarthy got up. I turned to Kribbs and asked, "What is he going to say?" "God knows," said Kribbs, shaking his head mournfully.

* * *

Yet Mr. Kribbs could probably have predicted with accuracy the utterance of any other man on that side of the House. When Mr. Tarte was Minister, I fancy many a Liberal journalist must have looked down from the Gallery as he arose, and muttered in answer to his own query as to what the Minister of Public Works was about to say, "God knows." He was no party phonograph. He was more of the type of public men they produce in Britain, men who have an individual influence on the policies of their parties and whose utterances in Parliament cannot be predicted. It is the thinking men and the men of courage who govern the country. A Tarte would have ten times the influence on the course of public events that would be exercised by ten men who were always careful to voice the average of party opinion about them. His views would colour legislation. His judgment would have an effect in deciding whether trade would take this or that channel, or whether this or that locality would be helped by a wharf, a harbour or a canal. Such men deflect the course of history, and it makes a difference in the lives of thousands that they have lived. The pawns of politics, on the other hand, merely clog the stream of events, and their passage only marks the general direction of the current.



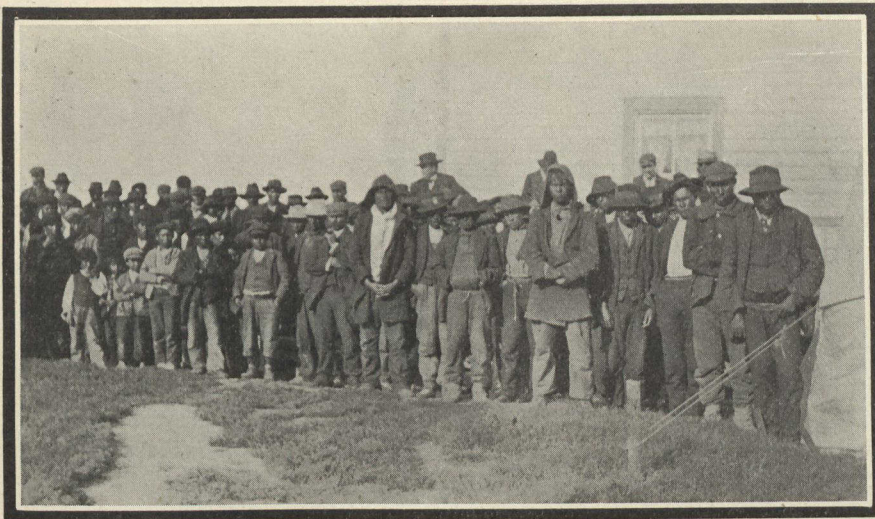
Editor "Canadian Courier,"

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed please find a photo of some of the members of the Rouleau Tennis Club. This photo was taken on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 11th. I thought that this might prove an excellent testimonial of the grand weather we are experiencing this fall or rather winter.

Rouleau, Sask., December 14th, 1907.

E. M. SEAGER.



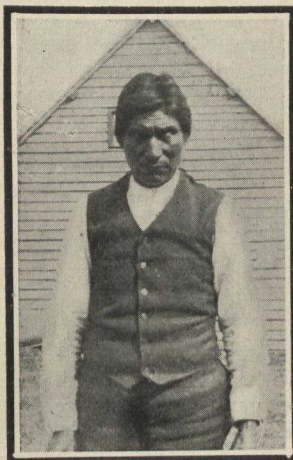
Atawapiscat Indians at Fort Albany meeting for the Election of Councillors.



The Inspector of Indian Agencies and his Pay Table at the mouth of the English River.

In and About James Bay

By J. G. RAMSDEN



Our Guide "Anaway."

MANY people fail to distinguish between Hudson and James Bay, yet the physical and geographical conditions, if one may so speak, are quite different. James Bay is decidedly shallow and therefore offers fewer opportunities for navigation, except to light-draft boats. This shallowness affects it in many ways, the chief being that the ice is formed more quickly and King Frost meets with little resistance from wind and wave.

The writer has spent two seasons in and about James Bay, and has had exceptional opportunities for observing the people, the climate, and the various characteristics of that portion of Canada. He has had experiences grave and gay, has heard tales that were humorous and tales that were tragic. Some of these may be found interesting.

Access to this location from Montreal and Toronto is usually overland straight north. The Ontario Government railway is pushing its iron arm farther and farther north, and soon the trip will present fewer difficulties. The writer and party have also entered this district from a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, a little more than half way between Port Arthur and Kenora. Those going to James Bay through this new country can, of course, take in few supplies. Those living in and about the Bay must have their wants supplied in another way. Fort Albany is the distributing point for all those living along the Albany, the Atawapiscat and the English Rivers. The provisions supplied the red men of this district are brought in from England and landed at Charlton Island, nearly 100 miles out in James Bay, by the "Discoverer,"

the only boat up to the present year that is bringing supplies into this country from England. These supplies are transhipped at Charlton Island and brought to the different distributing points, such as Moose Factory, Fort Albany, and Fort George, by a small tug, which draws only about seven or eight feet of water. When the supplies arrive at Fort Albany they are then loaded into York boats, tracked and poled up the Albany River by the Indians. One of these boats will hold 100 bags of flour.

It seems strange that flour made from wheat grown a few hundred miles west should be taken by rail to Montreal, thence by boat to Great Britain and back again to James Bay. In other words, instead of being carried a few hundred miles across the country, it is carried thousands of miles by train and steamboat. When it arrives at points along the Albany River the flour is worth from \$20 to \$25 a barrel. Furthermore, only one boat load of supplies arrives each year and if the people run short of anything they must wait patiently until the boat comes back the following year.

In traversing this country there are a great many hardships to be met and great difficulties to be encountered. On this account it is necessary to be supplied with the best and most expert guides that the country affords. The Indian is a very careful guide. They invariably know nothing whatever of the art of swimming and on this account take far less chances than the ordinary traveller or explorer in that country. Anaway, an Indian between 65 and 70 years of age, is probably the best guide from Sandy Lake, a short distance on from Dinorwic on the Canadian Pacific line, to Fort Hope, a Hudson Bay post, a distance of 400 or 500 miles from the railroad line. From that point on other guides have to be selected at intervals of about 200 miles, as that seems to be about the distance that any one of them knows the country well. They have no idea of distance whatever, and can only give you an idea of your travels by telling you how many times they sleep between places. For instance, we asked our head guide, who was conducting us from Fort Hope to Marten's Falls, how far we had

proceeded on our journey. He informed us that we were just half way, but the other half was a good deal the longest.

The Indians in this district have heard but little of our modern inventions. Our interpreter on this occasion was above the average, and had a fairly good idea of the English language. We asked him to tell the Indians, who were grouped around, that at home we had an automobile, a carriage that needed neither horses nor oxen, but simply "went by itself," and that it would travel fifty or sixty miles in an hour, a distance that would take them a day to cover with a canoe. What did they think of that? This was a little hard; they had lived in the wilds all their lives and never heard of the wonders of civilisation, seen an electric street car, or even a railway train. However, they hastily formed an opinion and the interpreter turned to us with the message, "Don't believe." We then told him to explain to them that we had an electric cable running under the Atlantic Ocean, a body of water much larger than any of their lakes thereabouts or all put together, and by this we could send a message to a friend away across this water and get an answer back in as short a time almost as it takes to tell. John repeated this to them, and returned to us with the statement that "it was a darn lie." We then told him to tell them about the telephone system. How, if they had this arrangement, they could speak with their cousins (they are all cousins) who were many miles away, hear their cousins' own voices, and hold a regular conversation with them. The interpreter stood still and did not make a move towards imparting this information to his kinsmen. We urged and insisted, and then he said: "Me think that darn lie."

* *

One of the pictures shows a tribe of Indians assembled for the purpose of electing a councillor at Fort Albany. This band is composed of the Atawapiscat and Fort Albany Indians, their hunting-ground being in the district of the Atawapiscat River and the shores of James Bay. They have just turned to have their picture taken after the Inspector has addressed them on their duty to King and



Poling up the Albany River in a York Boat.



The yearly visit of the Discoverer to Charlton Island, in James Bay, one hundred miles from Moose Factory.



A group of Canadian and Indian Scholars in front of the Church School at Moose Factory, shown in the companion photograph.



Moose Factory—The Church of England School and Rectory, in charge of Rev. R. Renison. In the garden all sorts of vegetables and small fruits are grown.

country and the method of carrying on an initial form of Government by their chief and council. The date of this meeting was midsummer, and yet you will observe from the dress of many that there is little change from winter attire.

To give an idea of the climatic conditions of the country at the time of the assembly referred to (about the 10th of July, 1907), it may be noted that the first Hudson Bay boat crossed the bay from Moose Factory to Fort Albany, this being the date of the opening of navigation this year on the Bay. It would have been impossible to have had the assembly at an earlier date than this owing to the

frozen conditions of the bodies of water in this district.

Another of the pictures shows the pay table at the mouth of the English River at the junction of the Albany River where the English River Indians meet the pay-master and receive their annuities. This is a distance of 160 miles from James Bay.

* *

Some mention should be made of the English Church Boarding School at Moose Factory, which is attended by Indian children. It is a very well conducted institution under the supervision of the Rev. R. Rennison. There is a beautiful garden

surrounding the premises in which they grow all the vegetables and small fruits that are required for the maintenance of the institution. There is also a day school at this place, under the same management, which is attended by about fifty scholars, some of whom are exceedingly bright, and particularly good writers. Boys and girls, who have been brought in from the wilds and have scarcely ever seen a white man and never heard the English language spoken, have learned within a year to read accurately and can show splendid specimens of penmanship.

THE GAME OF HOCKEY

By H. J. P. GOOD

ALTHOUGH in a little book issued by the Ontario Hockey Association a couple of years ago hockey is spoken of as a new game when the Association was formed, it is one of the oldest pastimes, and, I might add, one of the best and most invigorating. However, the hockey of the olden days is not the hockey of to-day, nor the hockey played in England, and yet I remember as a school-boy placing four obstacles in twos a considerable distance apart on the ice of the Lee marshes and trying to drive a chunk of wood through them, aided by fellow pupils, while others again opposed us. Although that was excellent fun and only one or two of us were on somewhat cumbersome skates, it was not the strenuous, hard-fighting game of the present day. Land hockey is as old as the Egyptian hills, and notwithstanding the game was a bit violent in my young days, it is interesting to note that not only have ladies taken

up the game in England, but that regular district and county associations have been formed and a central championship system adopted. Our sisters and daughters have not yet gone in for the pastime to any active extent, but there is no reason why they should not do so with much benefit to themselves.

Hockey as played in Canada offers exceptional inducements to the athlete of the summer season who finds the long winter an aching void in his enthusiasm for sports. The game is one that requires strength, speed, quick eyes, strong nerves and considerable endurance and pluck, so that skill in hockey means much more than the mere ability to skate well. Clever skating is really a subordinate quality. Every good hockey player must skate well, of course, but there are thousands who do skate well, yet could never succeed at hockey. The perfect control of one's self on skates is taken for granted, and the successful hockey player excels his com-

petitor in other qualities rather than by his skating skill. It takes months of persistent practice, for instance, to carry the puck along the ice with one's stick, winding in and out, this way and that, avoiding one after another of the opposing players who try to intercept its progress; now driving it against the edge of the rink and taking it again on the rebound, as one plays on a billiard table, and now "lifting" it from the ice by a dexterous twist of the stick in order to get it past an interposing player's skates and stick. That one at the game must skate well goes without saying, but he has many other things to learn before he may be accounted a good hockey player.

In south-western Canada, as in the United States, the supreme difficulty met with in playing the game is the irregularity of the weather, which not only sometimes prevents the filling of dates but also is a serious handicap to consistent methods of practice. It is not necessary to say that to this state of things is entirely due the average superiority of players in the east, where ice in reason and in season can invariably be depended upon. In several cities of the States this obstacle to the successful playing of the game has been surmounted by the erection of artificial ice rinks; but I regret to say although the game has been encouraged and fostered by the importation of many crack Canadian players, which said importation has been almost if not entirely responsible for the introduction of professionalism here, the enterprise manifested has not been altogether sufficiently rewarded and interest in hockey across the border has languished and waned. Pittsburg, Pa., was the centre of the "artificial" boom and to that city there gathered professional teams representing Houghton, Mich., the American and Canadian "Soos," and Calumet, Mich., forming an international league. For several seasons this league somewhat spasmodically flourished; but now it has gone by the board, and so far at least as Pittsburg, the head and front of all the offending, is concerned, localism has taken the place of internationalism and the game is represented by four city teams, which have formed themselves into a local league. At one time, too, and only a few years ago at that, considerable interest was taken in hockey at New York, Brooklyn, and at the principal American colleges, but at best, although the Shamrocks and Victorias of Montreal several times visited the big cities and Toronto Varsity players made a successful tour, the attention given the game has been fitful and not entirely encouraging.

In Canada, the story of hockey is one of continual growth and consistent progress. Although



Kenora Hockey Team—Sometime Western Champions and Holders of the Stanley Cup.

Photograph by Notman, Montreal.

long before the Ontario Hockey Association came into being the game healthily flourished in this part of the world, as witness the great fights put up for the championship by Osgoode, Granites, Victorias, C Company, Varsity and Upper Canada College, undoubtedly the formation in 1896 of that organisation, largely due to the mediation of the Hon. Arthur Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby, then governor-general of the Dominion, gave a tremendous impetus which has been well and consistently sustained. This is more than proven by the rolls of the Association, which show a membership of 85 teams in 1907, 80 in 1906, 88 in 1905, 97 in 1904, 70 in 1903, and 69 in 1902—a growth from a baker's dozen at the beginning. Down east, too, since 1890 hockey has advanced with greater strides than previously, while further north and to the west—at Winnipeg, Kenora and Portage La Prairie, for instance—attachment and admiration for the great winter sport have developed so much that Canadian championship teams have been evolved. Nor is this true only of the north, for in the Maritime Provinces hockey attracts its crowds and the Crescents of Halifax have been thought worthy of doing battle against the one-time redoubtable Shamrocks of Montreal.

That lacrosse and Rugby football are the handmaidens of hockey is well proven by the names of the players that figure on the teams in Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, and in fact everywhere. This was true before the O.H.A. came into existence and is true to-day. In the olden times the names that stand out prominently as cutting figures on the ice are Rev. A. F. Barr, who captained both Upper Canada College and Varsity in turn; J. F. Smellie, one of the greatest of football players; E. C. Senkler, W. A. H. Kerr, L. G. McCarthy, W. A. and J. Gilmour, Jos. Irving, Geo. Higinbotham, W. E. Meharg, J. Walker, F. Dixon, J. Shanklin, Geo. Carruthers, J. S. Garvin, J. D. McMurrich, J. A. McFadden, all names of men who have stood out in bold relief on other playing fields. Ottawa was much to the fore in the early days of the O.H.A., winning the championship the first three years. Then came Osgoode Hall, to be followed by Queen's University, Kingston, for three out of four years the runners-up, and now for three years champions. Osgoode Hall was again luminant in '98 and then the light of Queen's University once more glowed in consequence of the dousing of the glim of Toronto Varsity. Four times the Wellingtons successfully withstood the onslaught of their rivals with a quick, athletic but almost pony team of rushers, of whom "Chummy" Hill was a bright particular star. Then came the plucky and heady Marlboros twice, followed by the Berlinese, and last to date Stratford, the team from which city has more than once been knocking at the door. Berlin instead of the senior won the intermediate O.H.A. championship in 1907 and Stratford annexed the junior to the senior honors.

Toronto Varsity took its turn in 1907 by annexing



Wellington Hockey Team—Senior Champions Ontario Hockey Association 1900, 1901 and 1902.

Top Row—Alex. Miln, Sec'y-Treas., J. G. Worts, Mark H. Irish, Hon.-Pres., A. Ardagh, Patron, G. D. Chadwick, Chas. White, Trainer, Wm. Lamont, Manager, A. F. Rutter, President. Second Row—Ardagh, McKay, Smart, Darling. First Row—Hill, McLaren, Blton, Rutter.

the intercollegiate championship, each of the other members of the Union having won twice, namely McGill in 1903 and 1905 and Queen's (Kingston) in 1904 and 1906. Laval, it should be mentioned, has now joined the Intercollegiate Union, of course greatly strengthening it.

The Stanley cup, named after the founder of the O.H.A., represents the Dominion championship, or rather did, for having passed into the hands of the professionals it can no longer be competed for by the amateurs, of whom the O.H.A. is strongly and determinedly composed. In 1900 the Shamrocks of Montreal won; in 1901 the Victorias of Winnipeg, after memorable matches, obtained possession; in 1902 the trophy was Montreal's, then for three years Ottawa's, and for the last two years the Wanderers' of Montreal, who early in January lost to Kenora, but in March regained the premier laurels.

Other leading leagues in Canada are the Western Canada, comprising Kenora, Portage La Prairie, Brandon and Winnipeg, but the complexion or membership changes pretty well every year; the

Eastern Canada, comprising Wanderers (Montreal), Victorias (Montreal), Ottawa and Quebec; and the Federal, including Cornwall, Victorias (Ottawa), Brockville and Montreal, the Montagnards, who were members up to this season, having dropped out in consequence, as they claim, of unjust treatment. The first two, the Eastern and Western Canada, are practically professional. In addition to these, leagues and associations are to be found in nearly every county, including the Northwest, where the Alberta has just been born, and it is doubtful if any one game is more generally played in this country than hockey. A prime necessity just now is a cup to represent the amateur championship of Canada, *vice* the Stanley cup, gone pro.

There is one thing that every lover of hockey must both wish for and long for, and that is the abolition of rough, vengeful play and boorish conduct. There is no reason why the fame of hockey should be tarnished by either of these vicious qualities and I cannot help thinking that if referees would be a little more strict and use the mailed fist a bit oftener, hockey might gain an enviable reputation for fairness and manliness. Above everything else the rule requiring that the stick should not be raised above the shoulder should be insisted upon, and then I am convinced that a repetition of one or two ugly incidents that have marred the game in recent years would be avoided. Doubtless there is some trouble in securing efficient and at the same time firm and impartial referees, but such officials are to a certain extent forthcoming in other games and there can be no reason why they should not be obtainable for hockey. Perhaps the appointment of side or supplementary judges, with special instructions to watch for foul and unfair play, might prove beneficial. At any rate it is certain that this matter is worthy of quite as much attention as the eternal amateur and professional question.

The exigencies of space have prevented me saying many things about hockey that I would like to have said, but I cannot close without paying a tribute to John Ross Robertson, who came into the game around 1898 and for half a dozen years was president of the O.H.A. and chief stalwart in the fight for pure amateurism. He had as predecessors in the chair Col. A. M. Cosby, Messrs. H. D. Warren, C. A. B. Brown, J. A. McFadden, Alexis Martin, A. Creelman, and as lieutenants Francis Nelson (Toronto), D. L. Darroch (Collingwood), A. W. McPherson (Peterboro), and W. A. Hewitt (Toronto), A. H. Beeton (Queen's University), and W. A. Buchanan (Peterboro), to all of whom hockeyists in Western Canada owe a deep debt of gratitude.

GIRL with the Gibson Neck: "The airs that odious Mrs. Nookum gives herself! Have you noticed the absurd fuss she makes over the sore-eyed poodle dog?"

Girl with the Julia Marlow Dimple: "Yes, but that isn't the worst of it. She spells his name 'Phy-deau.'"—Chicago Tribune.



Wanderers' Hockey Team, Montreal, Champions of Canada and Holders of the Stanley Cup.

The Man from South Africa

A Story of How the Heroine Circumvented the Villain

By DAVID LYALL

"It seems hard," observed the vicar, thoughtfully. "But is it any use to intervene? The thing was inevitable, and, of course, the squire is quite within his rights."

"Undoubtedly," said his wife, with a touch of acerbity in her prim voice; "and it is foolish of the Holts to make such a fuss about it. But that's just like them. They've been troublesome people ever since we came to Gravelly Hill."

"I wouldn't exactly say that, my dear," observed the vicar with his customary mildness. "They are superior people, perhaps that has been the difficulty all along. Had they been more like the Brookes at Bottom End there would have been no trouble about buying them out."

"We don't want superior people in a village inn, Clement," replied Mrs. Clitheroe; "but somebody who knows which side their bread is buttered on. I'm sick enough of the airs the Holts have given themselves for a long time. And they're too fond of making laws for themselves. An inn is a place of public entertainment, as far as I know anything about it, but they have brought too many of their own fads into the management of the 'Bun and Stoa'."

"It's Emily," said the vicar. "She's a fine woman, but takes a restricted view. What is it, Puss; why do you stare so solemnly with those big eyes of yours?" he added, turning to his daughter Mabel, otherwise Puss, the apple of his eye, and the pride of the parish.

"I think, Daddy, that it's awful of the new squire to want to turn out the dear Holts. And if it's true that he will pull down the 'Bun and Stoa' and build a big horrid red public-house in its place, I don't wonder that everybody is angry."

The vicar was well accustomed to frank expression of opinion on Mabel's part, and usually laughed at her for it; but this time he felt bound to reprove her.

"It is in the interests of the place, Puss, and we musn't judge a man for doing his best with his own. There are a good many things an up-to-date squire, a business man from South Africa, would naturally want to change in Gravelly Hill. We may be quite picturesque, my dear, but we are rather out-of-date and, I fear, insanitary."

"Perhaps he'll want to pull down the church and the vicarage, and build new red brick ones too," observed the maiden demurely.

The vicar's face reddened a little.

"Not at all, not at all; he would never dream of such a thing. Gravelly Church is one of the finest examples—"

"Oh spare us, Clement!" observed his wife, holding up a deprecating hand. "We don't want the contents of the guide book, and we all know perfectly well that the church is cold and draughty and damp and everything it ought not to be. For my part I shouldn't mind if it were pulled down, or at least renovated. And I shall welcome Mr. Pegram's arrival at Gravelly as the inauguration of a new era."

"It is an unfortunate name, Christopher Pegram," said Mabel mischievously. "Nobody could expect heroic deeds from a man labouring under such a natural disadvantage."

The church of Gravelly Hill stood on the very summit of the hill which gave its name to the parish, and was a landmark for miles around, its square Norman tower with the old ivy creeping round it being known of travellers far and near. It was only one degree less familiar, perhaps, than the "Bun and Stoa," the quaint old hostel standing in its open courtyard under the branching elms, where there was a draw well, and old wooden benches where travellers might rest.

Mabel could just see the waving tops of the elms where they glinted yellow in the ruddy October sun, and a sudden indignation shook her. She clenched her small fist and tossed her red gold hair in the wind, and set off at a small canter down the hill. She was just seventeen, a winsome creature, with no idea of growing up, though her mother had long hinted at lengthened skirts and hair demurely knotted up behind. Mabel had begged that she might remain not grown-up, as she expressed it, until Christmas which was now within measurable distance. Only that morning she had counted out seven weeks and five days.

It was a quarter of a mile from the church and vicarage to the village, and almost another quarter to the "Bun and Stoa," which had been built in the old days, for reasons that never had been explained, at the very gates of Gravelly Hall, where the Lord

of the Manor dwelt. For forty years he had been a gentle old man who had lived the life of a recluse, and interfered with none. Perhaps such a slack rule had caused them all to get exaggerated ideas about their own rights and liberties, and that any change must have tried them sorely. But it seemed such a drastic change. Old Christopher Pegram had left, as his sole heir and executor, the son of an old friend who had emigrated to South Africa in his youth, on condition that he took his name. Such was the story, but the real inwardness was not known save by the man who had benefited under the will.

It was by no means an uncommon story. Two men who had been friends in youth had loved the same woman, and the one had remained unmarried for her sake.

Mabel Clitheroe knew nothing about this story, which would have quickly appealed to her warm imagination. She was by no means pleased at the idea of "the man from South Africa," as she called him, coming in and destroying all the old-world features of the village. She thought it still worse, and more reprehensible for him to give orders for drastic changes to be made without so much as troubling to come down and see the place for himself. She supposed that he was still in South Africa, winding up his affairs, and South Africa was too far away to give her a chance to speak her mind. Mabel had decided long since that some day she would speak her mind to the new squire, for she loved the old inn and the folk who lived in it, in fact her increasing intimacy with the Holts was a serious thorn in the flesh of her mother, who did not like the Holts, and constantly maintained that they held ideas above their station.

Mrs. Clitheroe belonged to the class of meddling persons who wished to manage everybody's affairs and to patronise the whole of her husband's parish, where she was cordially disliked. And it was because the Holts, during all the years she had been in Gravelly, had persistently resented her interference with the management of the "Bun and Stoa," and had successfully kept her on the outside of their affairs, that she bore them such a grudge.

Mabel had no hat on, and she arrived under the elms at the old inn with her hair blowing in the wind, and a colour more radiant and lovely than the peach bloom on her smooth cheek. She was a beautiful creature, and all her charm was enhanced by her utter and superb unconsciousness. Moreover she was the idol, not of Gravelly alone, but of every nook of the scattered parish she was wont to scour on foot and on the back of her shaggy Shetland. Nowhere was the vicar's daughter more idolised than at the old inn.

Emily Holt, the daughter of the inn-keeper, who was sitting with a bit of needlework just within the porch, sprang up when she saw her come, and sallied forth to meet her. Emily was a striking-looking woman of about thirty-five, tall, well-proportioned, graceful, with dark hair and warm, clear colouring. There was a stand-offishness in her manner which at once repelled and attracted people.

"Won't stand no nonsense, Emily Holt," was a form of remark often made about her; on the other hand she was a staunch friend, a generous and kindly neighbour, and a good woman, not the sort of woman one expected to meet in a village inn; but many chance visitors who had stayed there, came and came again, finding something rare in the atmosphere, and some quality in the entertainment which gave their country holiday a special flavour. There was no roughness, no drinking or late hours permitted at the "Bun and Stoa"; it was rather a family house, a place of quiet entertainment for man and beast.

"Dearest Emily," said Mabel, holding up her face to be kissed, "has anything else happened? They were talking about it at home, and I thought I'd come down and see."

"Come and sit in the porch with me. Father is lying down, and I haven't told him, but there's been another letter from Mr. Pulteney, and he gives us just three weeks."

"Three weeks for what?"

"To clear out," said Emily in a voice of quiet bitterness.

"And what are you going to do?" inquired Mabel in intense excitement.

"I put the letter in the fire and took no notice."

"But, Emily, that won't do, I'm sure. Pulteney must have an answer of some kind."

"He won't expect it; I guess he knows I put that letter in the fire, and that father never even saw it," she replied in exactly the same even, bitter voice.

"Will they try to put you out, do you think?"

"I have no doubt whatever about it," said Emily quietly. "But until they do put us out, we don't move. If only the squire would come down here, something might be done, but Pulteney is keeping him away!"

"But he's in South Africa still, isn't he?" inquired Mabel eagerly.

"Some say not; that he's in London. At least he won't be long in coming now. Pulteney's aim, don't you see, is to get us out before he comes. I suppose he's afraid that when he does come, the squire may not be such a puppet as he is now. It's wicked, I say, for a man to give such power into the hands of unscrupulous persons. He would have been just the same in the old squire's time, only he wasn't permitted to be hard on people."

"He looks quite amiable, and he always is amiable when I see him," said Mabel. "I can't make out why he is so abominable to you, darling Emily."

"Pulteney is a hard man, dear, but he is not so hard on everybody as he is on me."

"But why, Emily?"

"Well, you see, once upon a time he used to come here a lot, and we were very good friends."

"And did you quarrel?" Mabel asked breathlessly.

"Yes, and no, dear. You are too young to explain it to yet. Some day I will tell you. That was eleven years ago, and he has persecuted me ever since. We haven't been able to get a single thing done, and we always knew that when the squire died he would try to put us out. But we won't go unless they put us out by main force."

"It's awful, Emily, perfectly scandalous and awful!" cried Mabel, who like all strong natures liked strong words, and required them to express her inward thoughts.

"We will stop here at least until the squire himself puts us out. Pulteney has made some tale to him that has no truth in it, and we have all the people on our side. If only he would come home himself, and see how matters are, well, I am sure if he is a generous man, or even a just one, at least a half of Pulteney's programme, which he calls reforms, would never be carried out."

"If I knew his address I would write to him," said Mabel impulsively.

"He has left Africa, and somebody calling here from London said he would stop at the Hotel Cecil, that he was expected there."

"I will remember that, but I will write it down," said Mabel, scribbling the name in the little old diary that hung at her side.

She did not think it wise to repeat, even to her father, any part of what had passed between her and Emily Holt, but she continued to ponder it in her mind. One morning, about a fortnight later, looking out of the window she saw Pulteney, the squire's man of affairs, tethering his horse's bridle to the gate post. Her father was in the garden, and Mabel went out by the open French window and began to appear very interested in his pruning of the rose trees.

"Good morning, vicar, how is the world using you? Good morning, Miss Mabel, you grow prettier every day. Upon my word you do. You'll be making a few of them sit up one of these days. You'll have to put her in a cage, vicar."

The vicar merely smiled. To him the child would never grow up.

"I'm very well, Mr. Pulteney. How's matters going? Any word of the squire getting back for Christmas?"

"He may just manage it. The 'Walmer Castle' is expected off Southampton on the twenty-third. I may go down to meet him if I get word in time. If not I shall certainly meet the boat train at Waterloo."

Mabel made a mental note of all these details, but did not deem it wise to put them down openly in the old red diary.

"And what about the 'Bun and Stoa'? I called there yesterday. Miss Holt seems as determined to stop as you are to get her out. Won't you wait now until Mr. Pegram returns?"

Pulteney's mouth took the long hard line which Mabel specially hated.

"They'll go out right enough, vicar, if it takes the police to do it. I'll get into hot water, as it is, for not having things more forward. The inn's in a state of dilapidation, and the squire may quite

easily accuse me of neglecting his property. But I'll take care to inform him what a ticklish business it is to deal with a bad-tempered and unreasonable woman."

"Emily Holt is not that, Mr. Pulteney!" cried Mabel, unable to contain herself. "It is you—"

"Go into the house, child," said the vicar mildly, and Mabel, quite aware that she ought not to have spoken, disappeared forthwith.

"Mother, may I go to Aunt Billy's at Netley for Christmas?" she asked boldly.

Mrs. Clitheroe put down her pen and stared at this most unusual request. Mabel never wished to leave home, though she was specially devoted to the Netley cousins, with whom she had been at school.

"Whatever do you want to go there for, child?" "Jack will be at home and I do want to go, mother, just for the week-end, and I'll come home a day before Christmas if Daddy and you would like me to, and I'll be ever so good after, and do needle-work for a week running; I'll finish the counterpane, and though it won't be done for Christmas, it'll be sweet when it is done. I've got a perfectly new idea for the centre."

Mrs. Clitheroe smiled a little vaguely. "Mabel, you are hatching some plot; I shall write to your Aunt Billy and warn her."

"Then I may go. Thank you, darling mother; I'll be a model for the next six months."

She could hardly contain herself until the day when she was permitted to depart in charge of Martha, the old nurse and general factotum, to London, en route for Southampton.

Martha, who knew every mood and expression of the child she had nursed on her knee, was perfectly well aware that there was something hatching. She supposed some specially elaborate trick was going to be played on the Netley schoolroom, but she was too wise to ask any questions. Aunt Billy, otherwise Mrs. Vane Featherstone, was a sister of the Vicar of Gravelly, and much beloved of her niece Mabel. She was the widow of an officer in the Indian Army, and lived in a small but exquisite little house at Hamble Cliff, close by the great hospital in which her husband had died, one of the many victims of the great South African war. She had five children and it was Jack, the eldest son, a cadet at Sandhurst, upon whom Mabel was building her hopes.

To her intense delight Jack met them at the station; she had been so afraid lest something might have intervened to prevent his getting home for the Christmas holidays. It might so easily have happened that he had gone to spend them with a Sandhurst chum. He was driving the old pony carriage, and on the front seat beside him she revealed her whole story and plot.

They stopped at the shipping offices on the way across, and Jack got down to inquire regarding the expected arrival of the "Walmer Castle."

"To-morrow morning about eleven, Marjorie Daw," he said. "You and I will be down prompt."

"I hope that beast Pulteney won't get before me," she said soberly.

Jack grinned delightedly. He was awfully fond of his pretty cousin, and in mortal terror that she should develop into a proper young lady during the intervals of their separation.

"But he'd have to give place to a lady, Marjorie Daw," he said.

"Oh, Pulteney wouldn't, he's—he's on outsider, Jack," Mabel assured him. "He's capable of any crime. And he'll be sure to know what I'm up to. His eyes are like ferrets. I have a sketch of him here in my notebook. How lovely it will be if we can do him, won't it?"

"Ripping; and we shall, if I can manage it."

Mabel nestled up close to him and looked her sweetest.

"Jack, you're a dear, and I didn't mean what I wrote the last time, and—and I think you'll be awfully handsome when it grows."

Jack blushed furiously, though secretly flattered. But he quickly changed the subject. In the house facing Southampton Water, Mabel was able to get rid of her trouble for a time, and she implicitly trusted Jack. It was by no means unusual for them to disappear together when Mabel paid her visits to Netley, so nobody took any notice when they left on their bicycles for Southampton next morning after breakfast. Mabel had told Aunt Billy she was going to buy Christmas presents, which, indeed, was partly true.

At the steamship offices they were

told that the "Walmer Castle" would be in dock in about an hour, which they spent wandering about the shops. But Mabel was preoccupied, and remarked to Jack that she could only give her mind to one thing at a time. They reached the landing stage early, and were the first to board the great liner when the gangway was put up.

"That's him, Jack, I feel sure. That dreadful person in the slouch hat and the Inverness cloak, who looks like a bandit; and I'm sure he is one."

"Looks more like your grandfather, Marjorie Daw," replied Jack severely. "He can't be an old buffer like that. Pray, don't let your imagination run away with you."

"If we could only look out for Christopher Pegram on trunks and things, then we might arrive," said Mabel wisely. As she spoke the name, a man close by gave a little start. Mabel saw it, and looked at him keenly, at once dismissing the idea, however, that the owner of such a pleasant face could be her ogre, who was making such sorrow in Gravelly Hill. But the next moment her heart sank, for raising his cap, he said politely:

"My name happens to be Pegram. But I did not expect anyone to meet me."

"Oh indeed, yes, we've come to meet you," said Mabel blushing furiously. "My name is Mabel Clitheroe, and I come here from Gravelly Hill, where my father is the vicar. Perhaps you have heard his name."

Jack afterwards complimented her on her courage and dignity, but Mabel was conscious of nothing but the very keen, though quite kindly eyes bent on her face. She decided that he could not be more than thirty at the very most, and that he was quite a gentleman.

"Why, certainly; I am extremely glad to see you," he said holding out a frank hand, which Mabel took rather shyly.

"This is my cousin, Jack Featherstone. He lives just across the river at Netley, and I'm stopping there. He brought me down to meet you."

"Most kind, I'm sure, and it makes a lonely man feel better. Looking round on all these happy meetings, I was feeling a bit out of it. I shall always remember your kind thought, and it pleases me to think we shall often meet at Gravelly Hill."

"I am afraid my cousin did not come from a purely disinterested motive, Mr. Pegram. She really has something to say to you, or ask you about a matter at Gravelly Hill. And we thought the best way would be to come and meet you. Will you come back with us to luncheon, if you are not in a hurry; my mother would be pleased, I am sure."

Mabel almost gasped, and cast an adoring glance at her cousin, wondering at his tact and presumption. But he was certainly right, for the boat train was waiting, and there was little chance of a good talk on a railway platform. Besides you can always deal better with a man when you ask him to luncheon.

"Oh, do come; you'll simply love Aunt Billy, and Netley is so pretty."

Christopher Pegram looked as he felt, uncommonly pleased.

"I'll come with all the pleasure in life. An hour or two can't make any difference to me. If you'll wait till I see about my stuff, and despatch it to London, I'll come."

"But, Jack," cried Mabel desperately, "we've got

our bicycles. We can't tie him on behind."

"We'll leave 'em and hire a carriage," said Jack with a regal air. "I'm going to see you through."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Featherstone, faking a walk in the garden before luncheon was amazed to behold a carriage drive up to the front gate. Mabel jumped out almost before it stopped, and ran to acquaint her with the facts. Now Aunt Billy, unlike Mabel's own mother, was never put out by unexpected happenings; she had that fair, sunshiny nature which makes a sweet atmosphere of home everywhere, and she was quite ready to welcome the stranger from overseas, though she felt that she might have to apologize for the meagre luncheon.

"I must get the four-four, I am afraid, because I have to meet my agent in London this evening. In fact I'm afraid he's waiting for me now. So, Miss Mabel, perhaps you will ask me the questions before I go."

"You can go into the morning-room, dear," said Mrs. Featherstone, and led the way herself. When the door was closed upon them, Mabel felt rather dreadful, but summing up all her courage she stood quite straight by the table and told Pegram the story of the "Bun and Stoat," and the persecution of the Holts. She did not embroider the facts, but told them simply, and Pegram listened with the deepest interest.

"And, you see, I thought it was my only chance to speak to you before Mr. Pulteney could get at you," she said naively. "I hope you don't mind. Emily is such a dear, and poor old Mr. Holt is nearly blind."

"I'm infinitely obliged to you, and I assure you I shall make it my immediate business to inquire into this. I will not say anything to Pulteney until I go to Gravelly Hill, which will be to-morrow."

"And you won't let him persuade you! It's such a dear old place, but especially for Emily and Mr. Holt; you see he was born there, and he wants to die in it."

"Naturally, and he shall do so, though I hope he will live a long time. They are fortunate in having such a special pleader as you. You could have won their case, even if it had bristled with ten thousand difficulties."

Mabel laughed. "They're my friends, and Emily is a dear," she repeated with dancing eyes. "Oh, she will be pleased! May I write to her to-night and tell her?"

"Yes, and I will see her to-morrow," said Pegram.

"You won't say anything at home? I am sure my mother wouldn't like it. She—she is rather strict. And when Aunt Billy knew it was quite all right I thought I might do it."

"I won't say a word. It shall be a secret between us."

"And you don't think I have been rude or anything?"

A curious softness gathered in his eyes, and Mabel found it better to avoid them.

"Then we shall meet again on Christmas Day," he said aloud. Inwardly he made another vow, of which Mabel was to hear before the year was out.

When Pulteney met his patron in London he thought him oddly cool, and when they began to talk, not at all enthusiastic about changes.

"Listen, Pulteney; I had better tell you at once and for all, that I'm not going to turn the old place upside down. It would be very ill-mannered for me to think of it for a moment. I've had a hard life of knocking about, and I've come home to rest."

"But these people at the 'Bun and Stoat,' Mr. Pegram, they're most undesirable, in every way, above their station; they give themselves airs; and they don't keep the place in good repair."

"Then we must do it. There's plenty of money for the purpose. Don't worry me, Pulteney, or you and I will have to part. If you could suggest a few directions in which we might labour for the benefit of the folk, instead of for our own, you would please me better."

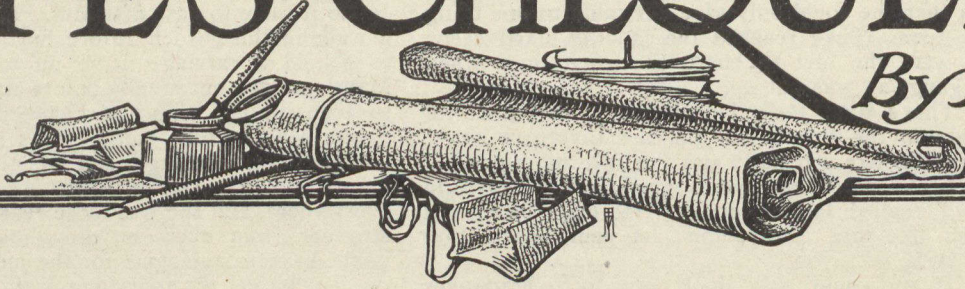
Pulteney never knew, however, what hand Mabel Clitheroe had had in the affair, nor how completely she had stolen a march upon him. But one day, two years later, when he was asked to dine at her table after she became mistress of Gravelly Hall, he gathered from a chance and laughing remark she made to her husband, that they had met for the first time on board the "Walmer Castle" in Southampton Dock.



"My name happens to be Pegram."

LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again. Adrian arrives and is greeted warmly. At the reading of the will it is found that the property is left to him, on condition that he marries Lesley. Otherwise the latter becomes owner of "Strode." In the excitement following this announcement, Adrian's wife appears.



CERTAINLY did not expect to see you here, Alys," said Adrian quietly, checking this *ingenue* outburst as soon as he could, "but you have merely anticipated the explanation I was just about to make"—he took her hand in his and turned towards Dalmahoy—"an explanation I should perhaps have made sooner, but there has been no time since last night to

speaking of my own concerns, even if there had seemed any need for it. If I could have known the contents of my late cousin's will, and the signal honour he designed for me, my cousin, Miss Home, might have been spared some annoyance. As it is, the will in no way further concerns me. With your permission, my wife" (again with a faint, haughty emphasis on the word) "and I will leave you to finish this business, which has been too much interrupted already."

"Oh, you poor misguided boy!" almost shrieked Lady Marchmont, in her utter dismay forgetful of or wholly indifferent to the timid, shrinking air of the slender figure in its somewhat fantastic garb and the wistful look in the newcomer's light, singularly limpid grey eyes. In spite of that dismay, the old woman's quick glance showed that for the moment she was more concerned with the drama of the situation than with its consequences — one reason, perhaps, why she could carry her age and its many experiences so lightly. Lesley caught that forlorn look, but before she could speak again Adrian went on:

"I have only to congratulate my Cousin Lesley on her splendid inheritance, which I am sure she will administer far better than I could—if there had ever been any question of me"—smiling into the girl's eyes. He lifted her hand and would have kissed it, and a sudden gleam shot from Alys Skene's grey eyes. But Lesley's strong white fingers closed suddenly upon his. Her native generosity was afire, fanned by warring gusts of emotion, which she had no time to analyse, and would not if she could.

"But I cannot let you go, Cousin Adrian. We were good friends once—I hope we shall always be friends—and I have your—wife's acquaintance to make"—was there the faintest effort to utter the word? "But we cannot part, we cannot leave this room till something is done. This will is cruel—horribly unjust—but it is utterly foolish too—for what of me? Was I to have no voice in the matter? Have I no will of my own, that my uncle thought he could dispose of me in this fashion? What of me?" she exclaimed imperially, her head high, the spark in her eyes kindling to a flame.

Then she closed her lips hard upon a rush of passionate words. The man who had put this cruel slight upon her was dead, and how could she discuss her possible attitude towards her cousin and the choice which he had never offered her, with his wife

standing by and regarding her and Adrian by turns with wide, wondering, childlike eyes.

"There are provisions for that—we have not reached them yet, though they are a dead letter now," put in Mr. Dalmahoy as she paused.

But Lesley's blood was up. At least she must insist upon plain justice, whatever her own feelings might be.

"But apart from that, there must be something we could do to redress this—this hateful injustice," she began again, in a tone which she strove to make cool and dispassionate. "I cannot, I will not, rob my cousin. You said just now, Mr. Dalmahoy, that my uncle had changed his mind—"

"Maybe"—cautiously. "I hope he did, Miss Lesley, but unfortunately he had no time to change his will, and that is all that concerns us," broke in Mr. Dalmahoy, tapping the parchment before him.

"But I don't understand—is there nothing at all for you, Adrian?" murmured Alys, in a bewildered fashion, which made good Lord Palmont drop his eyeglass and murmur, "Poor little thing."

"Come, Alys, I am afraid we are doing something almost as heinous as interfering with the course of justice," said Adrian almost lightly—despair brings its own courage, but the sooner this was over the better. "My apologies again for this interruption"—with a glance towards the others, which no one was very ready to meet—"and once more my hearty congratulations to you, Lesley, and even more—to Strode."

He lifted to his lips the hand which, all unconsciously, Lesley had left in his, and, preceded by his wife, who went with lingering step and backward glance, he quitted the room.

CHAPTER IV.

"And that is absolutely all I can do!" said Lesley with a quick, sharp sigh of hurt and irate disappointment.

"I am afraid it is," said Mr. Dalmahoy reluctantly. "I have no idea how your plan might appear to Mr. Adrian. Of course, it would be a provision and an occupation," he went on slowly, "and that might mean a great deal. I know nothing of his affairs, and he is not inclined to speak of them. Still, a lad who has never been trained to anything in particular doesn't drop into a soft berth very readily, and unless you're one of the big-wigs, I fancy that Sir Walter's saying is as true as ever—that literature is an excellent staff but a very poor crutch. There's his love of Strode, too, that might count for much," meditatively. "No doubt there's much to say for the plan, still there are a great many 'buts' on the other side, as I daresay you know as well as I. I would advise you to think it well over; it's not a matter to be rushed."

"Since it is the only thing I can do, I would rather do it at once," said Lesley mutinously, "and who knows whether Adrian will stay on here while I am debating and considering the only paltry reparation I can make. Reparation!" scornfully. "It is no reparation. Adrian will rather be doing me a favour if he consents."

"Your trustees may take a different view. It seems to me you are inclined to forget their existence and their functions," smiling.

Lesley's round, young neck erected itself somewhat.

"I don't see what objection they could make, and in any case they would hardly go against my wish."

"They might well suggest that the business of a great estate can't be learnt in a day, and Mr. Adrian was never over practical, though I daresay he's got cured of a young man's whimsies. But, mind, I'm not arguing against the plan, and at least it could do no harm if you were to sound Mr. Adrian. If he won't, why, then there's an end of it. We have so far finished our business for this morning if you would like to see him here."

"Oh, no, not here!" exclaimed Lesley hastily, looking round the library with a shiver of repulsion.

It would be cruel to discuss such a subject with Adrian here. The pale, prim room must be as hateful to him as to her. No, it couldn't be. Heavy though the blow was which he had had to face yes-

terday, he had not had to endure a woman's humiliation. Would she ever be able to enter that room again without feeling the tingling flame of shame and anger course through her veins and search her face anew? All the more reason, then, for carrying out her plan if Adrian would but consent to it. How better could she prove to the world (every term is comparative, and for the moment "the world" meant to Lesley her own wide Highland shire and the great web of distant Skene connections) that, in spite of everything, she and her cousin were good friends, simply good friends as they had always been, and that there was no foundation for that foolish old gossip which this monstrous will would of course revive and intensify tenfold.

The renewed prick to her pride only gave added force to her determination, if that were needed, and a sharper edge of decision to her voice as she repeated:

"Not here, certainly, but I think I saw Adrian go along the terrace a while ago. I daresay I shall find him somewhere."

As she left the room, Mr. Dalmahoy gathered his papers together, pursing his lips and shaking his head.

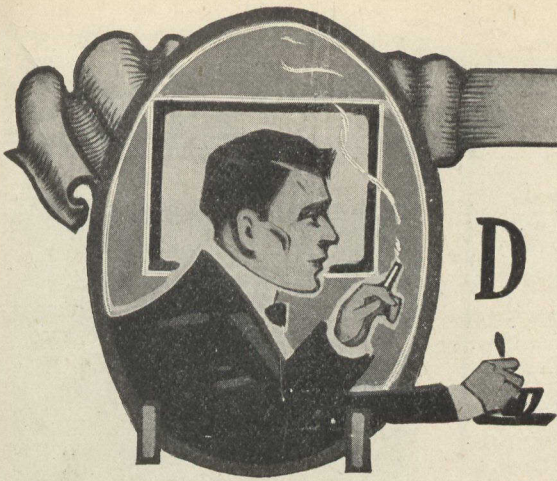
"A wilful woman must e'en have her way, I suppose. It's little wonder she has taken the bit in her teeth, and when that's the case, where's the good of advice? I wish I could think that Adrian would see one of the 'buts' as clearly as I do, but like enough he'll be as blind as she is—there was always a streak of the Quixote in him. But, after all, it's the third party who's like to give the casting vote. It's that wisp of a thing he was so left to himself as to marry who'll decide. I doubt if Miss Lesley has given her a thought yet, but for all her big eyes and her plaintive pipe, I shouldn't wonder if we had all to take her into account by and by. And to think he might have had Lesley Home! Well, well, marriage is a queer thing!" and shaking his head again over this inscrutable mystery, Mr. Dalmahoy tied up his papers.

The sunny length of the terrace was empty when Lesley emerged upon it, save for a fine sable collie, lying dozing upon the warm flags. It yawned and stretched itself, and thumped a welcoming tail, keeping a watchful eye upon her as she stood for a moment undecided. Then, with a sigh for the moment when she might dispense with frocks of ceremony and don a short, serviceable tweed again, she threw her long trailing black skirt over her arm and went swiftly along the terrace. Coolin cocked an ear and trotted after her, but when she turned the corner of the house he broke into a joyous bark and bounded on ahead. She was really going for a walk, then, that morning walk which he had given up in despair.

They passed the ivy-clasped shell of the massive old tower, the stronghold of the race in the dim, far-off days of "sturt and strife." From its broken wall the ground fell sheer away to a deep, rocky ravine, down which a stream from the high moors poured its amber waters, and leaped and spouted amid boulder and bracken, hurrying to join the broad river in the strath below. Midway on the airy bridge which spanned the gully Lesley made an involuntary pause, the result of life-long habit, to watch the sunshine strike a sparkle from the water, the hue of a cairngorm stone in the light, as it leaped from ledge to ledge, down and ever down.

Beyond the bridge the path climbed upward through a pinewood, the breeze stirring the dark, dry branches above to a long, sighing murmur like the ceaseless sob of the sea, while the tall, ruddy trunks, like the slender shafts of a colonnade, framed enchanting vistas of moor and valley. For the white, fleecy mist which yesterday had lain so dense and heavy over the face of the land was gone, as though it never had been, revealing not only the "body of heaven in its clearness," but the earth beneath in a new splendour of light and colour. Down in the valley the river flashed sapphire over the shallows, or glowed a clear topaz-brown in the deep, shaded pools. The meadows which bordered it showed a gem-like greenness against the sombre firwoods,

(Continued on page 17)



T H E

DEMI-TASSE

*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*



INGRATITUDE.

IT was midnight and a drizzle was falling steadily. A man shuffled along Oxford Street, Manchester, England, hugging the walls for shelter. Presently he spoke to a passer-by: "Could you give me a copper, sir, towards my night's lodgings?" "How much have you got already?" "Twopence, sir; and if I had another twopence—" "You can get a comfortable bed in a warm room at the Salvation Army shelter in Shepston Street for twopence." "Salvation Army?" This, with a decided sniff. "Thank you, sir, I haven't come to that yet!" It was an experience which recalls General Booth's story of the drunken woman who was carried into a Salvation Army shelter. When she recovered consciousness and was told where she was, she exclaimed in horror-stricken tones: "Salvation Army! Goodness gracious, I must get out of this or I shall lose my reputation."

THE DAY AFTER.

From thousands of our happy homes
Where Santa lives in clover
There comes the loud and grateful cry—
"Thank goodness, it is over."

HE HAD.

Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck hand): "Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?"

Deck Hand: "Take a word from an old salt, mum. The weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-making inquiries about it."

RED TAPE.

THE widow of a German officer presented herself at the office in Berlin for the purpose of drawing the pension due her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the mayor of the village in which she lived to the effect that she was still alive. "This certificate is not correct," said the officer in charge. "What is the matter with it?" asked the lady. "It bears the date of September 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on September 15." "What kind of a certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant. "We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on September 15," said the officer with great firmness.

ONE OF OUR WRITERS.

AN English weekly makes kindly reference to "Mr. Thomas Seton, the American naturalist," and his recent explorations. Alas for our own Ernest! He would change his name and now the public is so mixed that it hardly knows the writer of "Wild Animals I Have Known" from plain John Burroughs or Theodore Roosevelt.

RATHER PERSONAL.

A PARISH minister when visiting his congregation felt tired and hungry, and called upon an old maiden lady he felt sure he could have a cup of tea from. After making his request known and after taking a seat, he observed three cats lapping milk under the table, and exclaimed, "Miss Morris, are these all your cats?"

"My cats!" replied the old lady, "na, faith, na, only ane o' them; but I think a' the hungry brutes o' the parish come to me when they want anything to eat!"

MIXED METAPHORS.

EDWIN MARKHAM, at a dinner, said of mixed metaphors: "When I was teaching in Los Angeles I used to read every week a little country paper whose editor's metaphors were an unfailling

joy to me. Once, I remember, this editor wrote of a contemporary: "Thus, the black lie, issuing from his base throat, becomes a boomerang in his hand, and, hoisting him by his own petard, leaves him a marked man for life." He said in an article on home life: "The faithful watchdog or his good wife, standing at the door, welcomes the master home with an honest bark." In an obituary of a farmer he wrote: "The race was run at last. Like a tired steed, he crossed the harbour bar, and, casting aside whip and spur, lay down upon that bourne from which no traveller returns."

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

A SCENE that was more than farcical occurred in the British House of Commons last session, says M.A.P. Two of the most respectable members of the House were seen with their coats off and with a staid old policeman standing between them.

The two had been downstairs to wash their hands, and by some mischance had changed coats. They went into the House together. One of them, putting his hand into his coat pocket, pulled out an old briar pipe or very strong flavour. It was not his. He looked at the coat, also that of his neighbour, and, turning to his friend, said: "Excuse me, but I think you have put on my coat."

"I beg your pardon; I have done nothing of the kind."

"I think," replied the other Parliamentarian, "this is your pipe; and if you put your hand into the right-hand pocket of the coat you are wearing you will find a cigar-case."

"Dear me!" was the reply, "you certainly are right. What shall we do?"

"We cannot change in the House," observed the first member. "Let us go into the Division Lobby." Here is where the policeman came in. Seeing

the two facing one another, and, as the same time, taking off their coats, the policeman feared the worst. He rushed up, and placing a hand on the shoulder of each, said:

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Not here, please!"

THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY.

A THREE-CENT rate has lately been established on the railways running out of Edmonton. If there were any farmers in this vicinity answering the description of the subject of this story, I would say that the incident took place in Alberta:

"The venerable farmer with the tobacco-stained whiskers and furrowed brow climbed aboard the limited and shambled into the smoker.

"Mister," he drawled, when the conductor halted before him, "is that thar two-cent-a-mile rate good on this train?"

"It is," replied the conductor brusquely. "Where is your ticket?"

The old man fumbled in the depths of an ancient shot bag.

"Ain't got no ticket, mister," he said, slowly, "but here be the two cents. I never rode on one of these pesky flyers, and I just want to feel the sensation. Put me off after I've rode one mile."—Edmonton Saturday News.

JUST THE PLACE.

THE Reverend Doctor Newman Smyth of New Haven was asked by the representative of one of the worst of modern newspapers for "a bright, terse interview about hell," for its Sunday edition. Doctor Smyth very kindly complied with the request; his article was as follows: "Hell, in my opinion, is the place where the Sunday edition of your paper should be published and circulated."

ALL SHE WANTED.

MRS. MUGGERTY (a habitual borrower) — "Shure, Mrs. O'Fudge, it's meself thot hates to throuble you, but cud yez loan me the yoke of an egg."

A BRIGHT SUGGESTION.

AT a brilliant "At Home," given by a society woman, a pianist of world-wide reputation was asked to perform. When he had finished, the lady's young daughter was made to sit down and play her new piece.

"Now, tell me, Herr —," said the fussy mother, to the great artist, "what do you think of my daughter's execution?"

"Madam," he replied deliberately, "I think it would be a capital idea."

NOT COMMITTING HIMSELF.

IN a Scottish court recently an important witness failed to put in an appearance, and the judge indignantly demanded to know why he was not present. "It's his duty to be here. Where is he?" demanded his honour. The officer with true Scotch canniness replied: "Weel, I'll no say that—but he's dead."—Law Notes.

NO FEAR.

"THERE is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial." "Don't worry about that," replied Brown; "the thing is impossible; there's no danger of your being buried too soon."

SOMETHING SUITABLE.

YOUNG lady (entering tobacconist's)—I want to look at some cigars, please. Suitable for a tall young man with brown hair!—Sloper's Half-Holiday.



Biography at a Penny Waxworks

"That's Dickens!"
"No, 'tain't, 'tis Gladstone."
"Ah, well, they're all alike—them actor Johnnies!"
—Windsor Magazine.

A Wonderful Dog.

DOGS that can do all sorts of cute tricks taught them by kind and patient masters are common, but a dog that without training can spell, solve arithmetical problems, pick out colours, point out any one card of a pack of cards, designate the denomination of any piece of money known to us, must be admitted to be pretty high up in the scale of educated canines. Yet Rufus is not educated. True, his master spent three months' spare time trying to teach him how to spell one word and pick out a certain card from among others placed before him. And he was about to give up attempts at teaching the dog, when he accidentally discovered the creature's wonderful abilities.

"I'll never be able to teach you how to spell Boston," he said, one day, despondently. "Come, spell something else; spell my name. What's the first letter, Rufus, eh, old boy?"

No one was more surprised than the discouraged teacher when the dog, turning to the group of mixed-up letters on the floor in front of him, swiftly and correctly pulled the desired letter toward him. His master thought it just a happy coincidence, but went on asking for letter after letter, Rufus responding each time with the one desired. He was tried with other words and he got every word right.

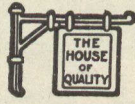
This is not all. Rufus not only spells in English, but, when requested, actually translates the words into German and French.

And in arithmetic he can beat many scholars who have spent years at school in the quickness of his correct replies. Putting a number of coins on the floor in front of him, his master says: "Point out the dollar, Rufus?" and Rufus pounces on it. He solves questions like this: "If you went into a store, Rufus, and bought a muzzle for seventy-five cents and gave the dealer a dollar, what change would you get?" Rufus scratches the quarter out of place. Sometimes he has to use two bits to make the correct reply, but he does it just as easily. He answers such questions as "What is twelve divided by two and the product divided again?" more quickly than many of those viewing his acts could do it. In fact, his swiftness of reply detracts from the impressiveness of his work. He seems to do all automatically. He gives no sign of any mind process. Rather, his acts seem like the working of a piece of machinery, obeying the touch of a master hand.

Rufus can spell the name of any visitor, even if he has never heard it before, provided his master can spell it. If his master can't spell it, neither can he. His master is also a good German and French scholar, proficient in the two languages in which Rufus is also learned. This does not mean that there is any collusion between the two. The dog's master cannot explain the reason for the dog's work or how he does these wonderful things. He only knows that unless he holds in his own mind the answer to the questions Rufus is unable to reply.

When Rufus first made known his abilities, he was quite shy and refused to show off unless his audience kept very still. Now, he is less sensitive and holds forth before quite a gathering.

Rufus is a spaniel, a bright, pretty creature who was rescued from the city streets two or three years ago by a philanthropist who saw his forlorn, friendless condition, and pitied him. He can do many tricks, of the usual kind taught to dogs. But who can explain this marvellous power which he possesses or which possesses him? —The American Boy.



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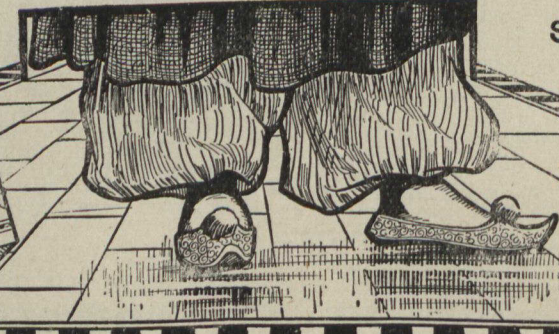


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S. ANARGYROS.

LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

(Continued from page 14)

amid which, here and there, a birch tree shook out its yellow tresses on a rowan flamed red.

Higher still, and the trees grew scant and stunted, the writhen, tortured branches, the grappling roots, and a riven trunk standing white and ghastly here and there, bearing witness to their struggle for existence when the winter storms were unleashed and careered snow-laden over these vast, shelterless spaces. But to-day the wind which sung over the rolling moors was still a summer breeze, though the brief purple glory of the heather had given place to the russet of the faded bracken.

A few steps more, and Lesley topped the first swell of the moor and paused to drink down a deep draught of the hill air, blowing clean and pure over unbroken miles of fern and gale and heather. Fronting her, and far to the north, rose the mighty peaks in whose rocky fastnesses the river had its birth. Stern, storm-riven giants, but to-day floating like an ethereal vision of pearly lights and shadows against the tender lilac haze into which the stainless blue of the upper heavens merged towards the horizon.

As she had expected, there was Adrian, lying a few paces off, flung full length upon the deep, springy heather, with its faint, dry, aromatic breath, the most restful couch to wearied brain as well as to tired body. His eyes were fixed on those far peaks, so serene, so infinitely remote from daily strife and tumult, as a man might gaze on the face of a long-unseen friend.

"I thought I should find you here!" exclaimed Lesley, her step unheard upon the hill grass and heather.

Adrian faced quickly round and sprang to his feet. In his eyes there was still a faint suggestion of that surprise which every fresh sight of his Cousin Lesley had still power to awaken, but that apart, her tall figure, standing out in its dead, heavy black with only the airy blue for a background, struck a note of startling effect amid the opulent autumn colouring.

"I must seem rather a deserter," said Adrian, smiling, "but I have promised my wife to take her on a tour of inspection in the afternoon. She is tired this morning after her journey, so I came up here—"

"To be alone," Lesley finished the sentence. "If you wanted to be quite safe, you shouldn't have chosen one of our old haunts. When I could not find you about the house, I felt pretty certain that you would be here. You see, I haven't forgotten," valiantly returning his smile.

Instinctively she felt that the only safe ground on which they could meet was that of the old easy, cousinly friendship, everywhere else pitfalls of embarrassment lurked. Although she was not looking at him, she felt that Adrian flushed when he spoke of his wife's journey, though from his tone her arrival might have been of the most everyday kind, fully expected and prepared for.

"You have a good successor to Coolin," said Adrian, as the collie, which had been ranging the moor in wide circles, came up panting, and, after warily sniffing at the stranger, apparently accepted him as a friend.

"You have a better memory for his name than for himself," said Lesley, stroking the smooth head thrust under her hand.

"Is it possible that that is Coolin!" exclaimed Adrian.

"Why not?" said Lesley. "He was quite a young dog when—I've had him a good many years," she hastily

amended her sentence. "He is getting an old dog now, more's the pity—eh, Coolin?" as the collie turned his beautiful, wistful brown eyes upon her face.

"It makes what seems a lifetime into a thing of yesterday," said Adrian abruptly, and for a moment there was silence, save for the whisper of the breeze through the sere bracken.

Lesley had sat down upon a ledge of granite cropping out through the heather, and busied herself removing the withered sprigs which had clung to her sweeping skirts.

"I wonder why it is that every possible occasion of sorrow or rejoicing in this life should, for us poor women, have some needless worry about clothes tacked on to it," she said with a slight laugh, and then added, "I am glad to hear that—Alys is resting. She was wise not to come down this morning, but there is no hurry for the tour of inspection. I hope she will have plenty of time to make acquaintance with Strode."

She got the name out with rather a rush, much as she might have taken a somewhat stiff fence.

Adrian flashed a look of pleased and grateful surprise at her, though his "You are very kind" was rather formal.

Lesley flung a little handful of dry sprigs to the passing breeze, and, leaning forward slightly, clasped her hands round her knees, an attitude which at once brought "Little Lesley" forcibly back to Adrian's mind.

"Adrian, we must understand each other, you and I," she said gravely. "I came up here hoping to find you, that we might have a talk over things. We were good friends, you and I, once," unconsciously falling back upon the words which had leaped to her lips the day before, "and, except that I am five years older, I am still pretty much the Lesley Home I was then. We can still be friends, I hope."

Adrian did not attempt to turn a phrase or to hint at the amazing change which in his eyes the years had wrought. Meeting the girl's candid gaze, he felt that she was right. In childlike sincerity and directness, in clear honesty of purpose, in frank generosity, Miss Home was the unspoiled girl, was "little Lesley" still. Time, which had brought so many new gifts, had taken nothing away.

"I should be proud to have such a friend, Lesley, and, better still—glad," he said, and voice and look gave value to the simple words.

Suddenly he rose and walked a few hasty steps away. He was in an intolerable position! To attempt to explain his boyish quixotry in leaving Strode, or to beg her forgiveness for his unwitting share in the wrong which had been done her, would be to insult this girl who had so bravely offered him her friendship, and to proclaim himself the veriest coxcomb. And yet to utter no word of all that was surging in his heart—He turned back and stood beside her.

"Lesley, from what you said yesterday, I guess what it is you have come to talk over, but I want you to put that out of your mind once and for all. There has been no injustice done to me. I was a hot-headed young fool when I left Strode, full of fine dreams and plans for which the workaday world has no need and no mercy, but whatever mistakes I made, I knew the risk I ran—that my cousin would never forgive me. I suppose I thought then that I could do without his forgiveness, or that I could compel it! Well," with a shrug which expressed much, "he did not relent—he did not forgive me. I do not complain."

(To be continued)

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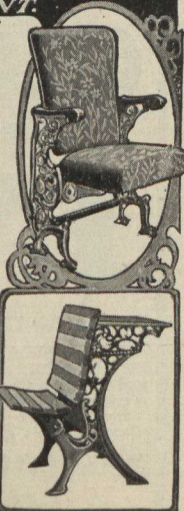
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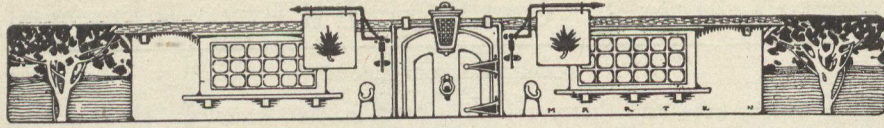


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to either her country or her King. What can you do to help your country? Why, if you women would shut the doors of your houses against the men who corrupt the sources of domestic, civic, and national life, in the same way that you exclude from your drawing-rooms the man who cheats at cards, if you would refuse the approval of your smile to the man who hits below the belt in sport, business or politics, then the star of your city would shine with a brilliancy which would make its radiance felt not only over Canada."

His Excellency also urged the importance of extending a hand to newcomers and helping to switch them on to rails leading to happiness instead of to misery. The concluding part of His Excellency's address was taken up with the part the Club might take in the plans for celebrating the three-hundredth birthday of Canada, next year, by forming the Plains of Abraham into a national park, to be named in honour of King Edward. In this connection His Excellency read a cable message from His Majesty, expressing his approval of the scheme of celebrating the tercentenary and contributing one hundred guineas.

The Editor of the "Manitoba Free Press" concludes an article on the new clubs with generous expression of sympathy: "The Canadian Women's Club of Winnipeg held a highly successful inaugural luncheon at which Hon. Mr. Daly gave expression to sentiments not far removed from those of Earl Grey. These Women's Canadian Clubs, recruited as they will be from the home-builders, the workers in fields of social and domestic reform, and the women who are wage-earners by virtue of intellectual attainments, are certain to have a great influence on our social and political life—an influence which should be entirely for the community's good."

* * *

AT the risk of making a trite interrogation, let us ask why so many women alight from a street-car with their faces religiously turned towards the rear of the car, thereby running the risk of spoiling their features and rolling their gowns ungracefully in the mud. In Toronto each car has recently displayed a huge card with information to the effect that, out of 217 persons injured while alighting in this backward fashion, 216 are women. The reason for this feminine failing is not that woman is more contrary by nature than her brother, but that she is less ambidextrous. It is a big word and it means, as a school-boy explained, "handy with both hands." A woman is very slow in learning that, when she is to alight from a car, parcels should be taken in the right hand, to leave the left free to grasp the car-rail. It is all a matter of dexterity, not of sheer wilfulness. But it is all in vain to warn and exhort by means of glaring cards. The fair shopper will carefully gather skirts with her left hand, grasp the rail firmly with the right and descend into the mire with a small jolt which causes her to wonder what is the matter with that horrid car.

* * *

PERHAPS it is partly a matter of pockets. When, oh, when are we unfortunate daughters of Eve to have our pockets restored to us? They have been out of fashion so long that we have almost forgotten that there was a time when we did not stuff a handkerchief up our sleeve and carry car fare in the cuff of a coat. But there is a crisis in feminine discomfort which will surely lead to a revival of the pocket. It must come back and I suppose when it does that we shall go to ridiculous extremes and have huge bags stitched on sleeves, skirts and petticoats. Pockets probably had a very ancient origin. In fact, Eve may have surveyed the primitive apron of fig-leaves with an uncertain scrutiny and decided that it required two little pockets with feather-stitching and bows of ribbon grass, ere she made the apron-strings to which Adam was firmly attached. There have been all sorts of pockets since those old days in Paradise but we should be quite content to have any kind revived that we might know where to bestow the airy trifles which yet are matters of feminine convenience. A certain enterprising woman recently declared that she carried a small powder-puff and a mite of a handkerchief in her left glove. But we need the pocket of the-olden days and may our rulers who make the fashions send a few such blessings for the gowns which bloom in the spring.

MONTREAL and Winnipeg have outdistanced Toronto in the matter of Women's Canadian Clubs. Within the last fortnight, the metropolis of the Dominion and the Central City of Canada have seen the inauguration of such associations under the most favourable conditions. At the inaugural luncheon in Montreal, attended by over three hundred, His Excellency, Earl Grey, delivered the opening address. After referring to the special usefulness of the Montreal Club in increasing the sympathy between the two races, the Governor-General discussed the question of the extent and nature of woman's participation in the conduct of national affairs.

"In every age," said His Excellency, "women have set the social standards. Have the women of Canada the imagination to realise the greatness of their destiny, and the spirit to achieve it? Unless each one takes an interest in both the history and the future of the country, she is not doing her duty



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* * *

THE custom of giving "The Messiah" at this season appears to be well-established in several Canadian cities and is increasing in favour every year. Montreal, London, Ottawa and Winnipeg are centres where such an undertaking should receive strong local support. In Toronto at Massey Hall, Dr. Torrington will conduct "The Messiah" for the twenty-fifth time next Monday night. The notable soloists engaged for the occasion are Mrs. Shanna Cumming, soprano, Mrs. Grace Carter Merry, contralto, Mr. E. C. Towne, tenor, and Mr. H. Ruthven McDonald, baritone.

* * *

MISS FRANZISKA HEINRICH, the accomplished Canadian pianist, has been giving a series of recitals in Winnipeg and the West. The Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg engaged Miss Heinrich for a recital at the Y.M.C.A. auditorium which proved a most satisfying event.

* * *

THE Dickens Fellowship, which has a membership of eight hundred, and is steadily increasing, won deserved praise last month for its production of "The Cricket on the Hearth" at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. It is rumoured that the company intends to enter the Governor-General's competition in February next, presenting this same play. The proceeds of the local performances go entirely to the charitable funds of the Fellowship.

* * *

SHAKESPEAREAN performances have not been frequent this year. Montreal has recently been pleased with Mr. Henry Ludlowe's appearance in Shakespearean roles and several critics have compared him not unfavourably with the late Richard Mansfield.

* * *

THE Walker Theatre, Winnipeg, has secured that light and amusing play, "The Vanderbilt Cup," for Christmas week. Last week "The Gingerbread Man" whose "John Dough" and other ditties have been re-echoed in most corners of the continent, delighted the Winnipeg public with its seasonable confectionery.

* * *

THE subscription lists for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts closed on December 17th and public interest in "Mendelssohn Week" is already a-tingle, while the members of Canada's champion choir show the seriousness which means practice pre-occupation. From cities throughout Ontario and beyond and from United States centres there are letters from musical citizens who are anxious to hear the choral triumphs which are not surpassed on this continent. The choir will have one foreign engagement this year—a concert in Convention Hall, Buffalo. There are rumours of an European trip next year and, if the Canadian Government has a sense of values beyond flour and cheese, it will do something towards sending this unique organisation abroad. Of course, there are many difficulties involved in a five-weeks' tour by such a number of singers. But the history of the Mendelssohn Choir has been the surmounting of such obstructions and it is the fond belief of many that the appreciation of Buffalo and New York will be equalled in Leeds and London. Mr. Vogt is not talking of European concerts in these winter days. But there is a general impression that there is something to be said later on. The Mendelssohn Choir is not regarded as a local affair. Its Conductor comes from the sturdy town of Waterloo and few of the members are native Torontonians. It is a national pride and it is of national importance that it should be heard in the heart of the Empire.

* * *

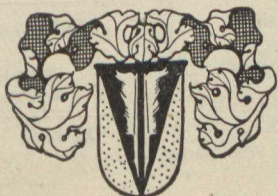
IT is announced that the Sheffield Choir of England will sing in Canada next year. But the report may be no more trustworthy than that of the royal visit.

* * *

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE will visit Canada in April to conduct, under the auspices of Dr. Harriss, performances throughout the Dominion, of the cathedral music of England. Church choirs and choral societies in Canada will be invited to prepare and sing, under Dr. Bridge, the master-works from three centuries of cathedral composition.

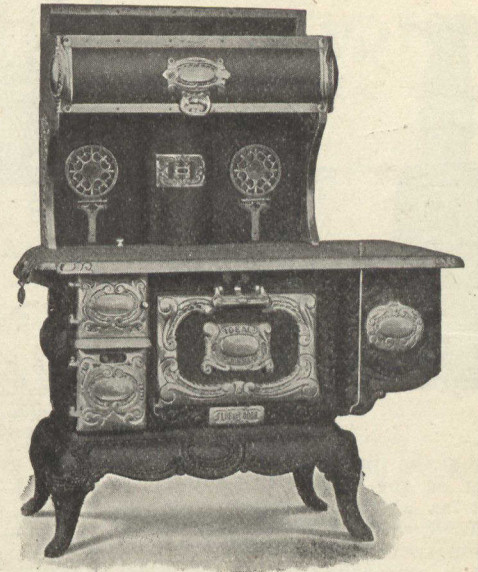
* * *

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN has recently brought to a close her extraordinarily popular run in Mr. Moody's play, "The Great Divide." Miss Anglin will probably go to Australia next spring where she will play in comedy roles. It is said that Miss Anglin has found the strenuous part of "Ruth" hardly to her taste.



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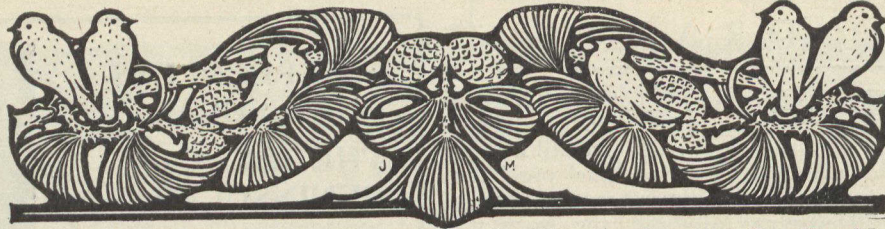


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"NOW, ma'am, come if you're coming. Car's late. Here, I'll h'ist ye," said the conductor to a hesitating little old woman, whom he promptly proceeded to "h'ist." But she gave a little cry of pain, and he let go his hold.

"I—I guess I'll have to give it up," she murmured. "My rheumatiz is extry bad, and that step doos seem extry high!"

As he turned away to attend to a breathless and belated family, laden with babies and bundles, a strapping young fellow in a gay initialed sweater swung down to her side.

"Let me pick you right up, and I can put you aboard easy," he declared; and a moment later she was safely established in her seat, smiling and straightening her bonnet.

"That was real good of ye, and now I'm all right. My son's to meet me tother end o' the line," she announced, gratefully. "Well, boys are mighty nice sometimes, and I guess your ma thinks so."

But she was not all right yet; for there had been a washout on the main line, and it was presently learned that a roundabout route was to be followed, involving several changes of cars. "My chum'll see to you," the boy reassured her as he got off; and at the first change the chum did so.

Before the next change he, too, and all her fellow passengers but a few girls had left; and the conductor was small, sickly and cross. She hesitated painfully on the high step, thrusting out a tentative foot, but unable either to jump or scramble so far. Suddenly one of the dispersing girls, a fine, tanned young creature with a golf-stick, turned back and held out her arms.

"But you couldn't—I can't—you'll drop me!" gasped the little old lady, in transit; then admiringly and amazedly, "Well, who'd ha' thought it! Me carried by a gal!"

"You won't be next time, and you wouldn't this if we'd known," struck in a workman in the new car, leaning forward. "Don't you worry, ma'am. We'll see to her, miss; and if we get off first, why, we'll pass the word along. Any fellow's willing to tote an armful o' grandmother; that's of course!"

The girl smiled; the old lady waved; the car went on. When, at the end of the long trip, the interested passengers beheld a six-foot son, with a prancing small boy at his coat-tails, lift a tired old woman once more and set her carefully on the ground, they also heard him growl something about a stingy company, and old-pattern cars, and steps a mile high; but they caught the answer, too.

"Oh, well, Joe, it didn't matter!" piped the sweet, old, high voice. "The steps bein' extry tryin' just made folks extry kind."—Youth's Companion.

* * *

THE CROWDED BRAIN.

A BOY returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average. And this conversation took place:

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed the dime novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips." Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket." When half the apples were replaced, the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But I can't."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold any more than so much. And there you've been the past month filling it up with cheap dirt—dime novels."

The boy whistled and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this. —The Catholic Record.

* * *



Our Juvenile Tea-Fight.

"Well, darling, and how do you feel?"
"Oh, Auntie, just lovely, everything's tight except my shoes and stockings."—Windsor Magazine

* * *

WHAT IF—

By C. G. C.

SAY, how'd you like to be a child
Born in some tropic clime?
It seems as if I'd hate it worst
About at Christmas time.

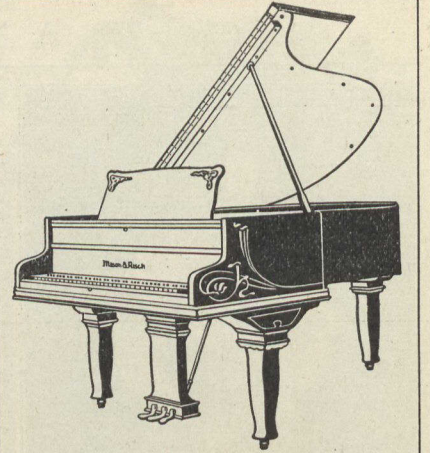
There are no Christmas trees, you see,
In all the Philippines—
Just cocoanuts and such like plants
And you know what that means.

For wouldn't my new doll look just
As silly as could be,
A-swelting mid the branches of
A tall banana tree?

And 'stead of having snow and ice
The way we have them here,
It's hottest there at Christmas time:
Now wouldn't that seem queer?

And just imagine Santa with
No reindeer, if you can!
He'd have an automobile and
A great big palm-leaf fan.

No, the children in Australia can't
Be happy as they might,
Till they come up where there's snow
and ice
And spend one Christmas right.



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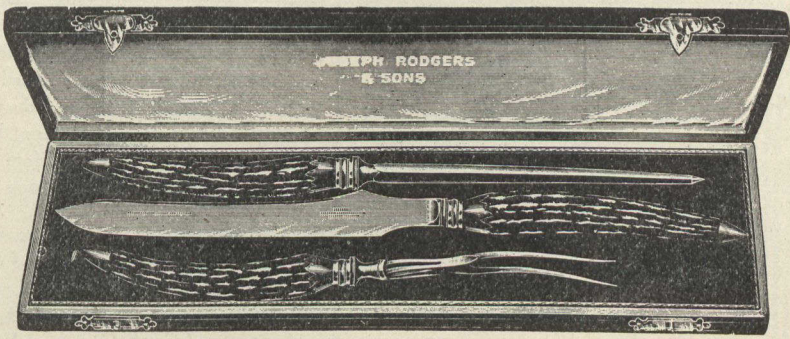
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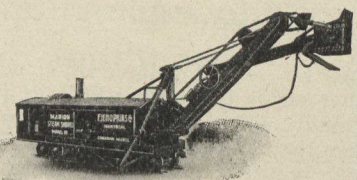
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LITERARY NOTES

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WE have been favoured by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons with a copy of the two cards selected by King Edward and Queen Alexandra for Christmas distribution. The King's card represents a merry Christmas scene reproduced in exquisite colours from a special design by John H. Bacon. The Queen's is a dainty conception of the Virgin and Child by Harriet M. Bennett, reproduced in photogravure. Each card is encased in an elaborate ribbon portfolio. For twenty years, Messrs. Tuck have been honoured with royal patronage for their cards. The quality of their work is unsurpassed and their range is the largest of any British firm. This year they have a "Canadian Sports" calendar, but it hardly does them justice, since the scenes were painted by English artists instead of Canadian. Their "Canada, Day by Day" is more meritorious. "The Maple Leaf" calendar is also worthy of commendation.

* * *

THE WHEEL OF WEALTH.

"I HAVE no hesitation in saying that the greatest writer born in Canada is John Beattie Crozier," said a Western critic some years ago. Yet there are few Canadians who have read Dr. Crozier's books. The reason is not far to seek. Such volumes as "Civilisation and Progress" and "History of Intellectual Development" do not appeal to the modern reader. Such tawdry stuff as Ralph Connor's "The Doctor" will be greeted with all manner of gush and rapidly climb unto the ninth edition. But a philosophical disquisition is too much for the Twentieth Century public, inasmuch as such a treatise is so unreasonable as to expect the reader to exercise his reflective powers. Yet of Dr. Crozier's latest book, "The Wheel of Wealth," Mr. Mallock in the "Fortnightly Review" says: "Dr. Crozier, in going over the same ground, as much excels him (Karl Marx) in knowledge, grasp and acuteness, as the Histories of Gibbon and Mommsen excel the compilation of Goldsmith. There are three (positive doctrines) whose importance is fundamental and paramount; and it is his insistence on these, and his masterly elucidation of two of them, which give to his present volume its great and distinctive value." This book is published by Longmans, Green and Company of London, New York and Bombay.

* * *

THE UNSCIENTIFIC DOCTOR.

IF you are interested in how to get well and stay well, and have read all the current almanacs, get a copy of "Health Science," published in Brantford by M. J. Keane, M.D. He does not believe in doctors generally, neither allopathy, homeopathy, osteopathy or any other pathy. He does not approve of Christian Science or any other ism or fad. He believes only in common sense and science. Everybody will recognise at once, except the doctors themselves, that the medical profession might as well be abolished at once. Nevertheless, the author has a keen point on his pencil and he puts some every-day truths in forcible, if somewhat technical, language. His chapter on food, air and sunlight is worthy of a golden frame.

* * *

MORE NATURE POETRY.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER has published his second volume of verse. This young doctor takes his muse rather seriously, and has little in his work which will invite merriment. He loves nature and endeavours to interpret her. Just now, the public are in the mood when they feel that the nature-poets have just about exhausted the words which can be used in describing these various phases of our good old mother. Hence, Mr. Fischer will probably find little appreciation for his rather excellent volume. The world is waiting for masculine poetry, and has had about enough of the feminine. The Roberts-Carman-Scott cult has not sunk very deep into our national life. Drummond and Kipling are still the most popular Canadian poets, and alas! Dr. Drummond will not send us a new Christmas greeting this year—we must be content with the old ones.

* * *

THE ROMANCE OF A POPULAR NOVEL.

"SOME four years ago," says a writer in the "Sphere," speaking of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short," "when Mr. De Morgan was finding the struggle for existence in this commercial age a pretty severe one, he started the first chapter of 'Joseph Vance.' There was, however, some slight revival of the industry with which he was associated, and he put the manuscript on one side. A little more than a year ago he sat down and wrote the book in earnest. It was despatched to a publisher, but was returned with the excuse that it was too long. One wonders whether the 'reader' to that publisher actually read the book at all. That seems easiest to believe. Though the writing was clear enough, a manuscript of 200,000 words would not prove exhilarating at the first taste. That the manuscript went back to its owner at Chelsea must now be giving considerable mental tribulation to one or two gentlemen in the publishing world. The author bethought himself that a better effect might be gained by having the manuscript typewritten. He sent it to a firm presided over by a very intelligent woman. Passing through her office a day or two later this woman found one of the girl typists in tears. A little inquiry led to the discovery that this critic of the future was weeping over an accident in 'Joseph Vance.' The lady related this unique experience in the recent history of typewriting to a friend, an art publisher who is well known to me. He begged that he might be allowed to see the manuscript and read it with zest, for my friend is both a good judge of literature and also of the books that will sell. He carried it to Mr. Heinemann, whose 'reader' made a most eulogistic report, with the result that the book was published, and it has been followed by another novel at least equally good, 'Alice-for-Short.'"

* * *

"CHARACTERISTIC Conversations of Curly Kate," by E. M. Gardner, is an amusing report of the witticisms of a "wash-lady" who is given to combining epigram with suds. "Curly Kate's" remarks are highly diverting and are bound in an appropriate, shamrock-strewn green cover. Toronto: William Briggs.

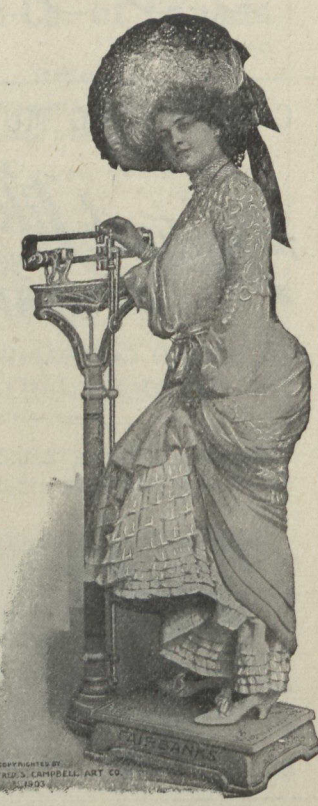


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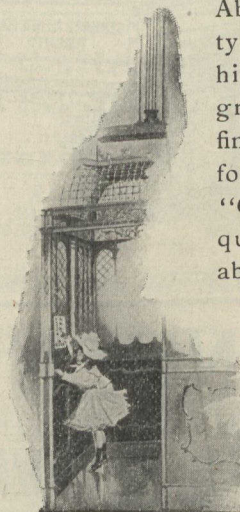
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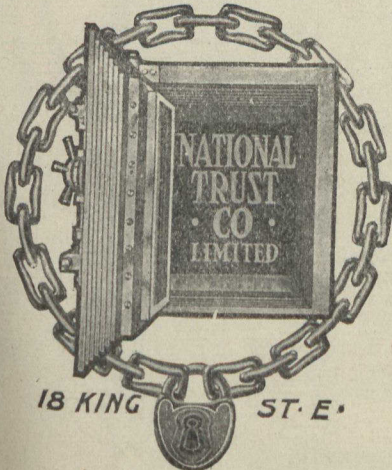
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50 MEN WROTE THIS

Every word of it is quoted from 50 unsolicited letters taken from among the hundreds that we are continually receiving.
(Name of any writer sent on application)

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

"Colgate's leaves no smarting sensation."—"It has not smarted on my face."—"There is no irritation."—"It does *not* have that burning sensation."

"Leaves the face freer from soreness and smarting than any other."—"Make the skin smooth and comfortable, with a most delightful and cool feeling not obtained by other soaps."—"An agreeableness of feeling that instantly wins one's good humor."—"With its soothing and softening qualities, it is now a pleasure to shave."

"This morning in the Pullman some one was shaving with Colgate's; when I asked him if his face ever smarted, he replied, 'Not that you can notice it.' This helped to get me away from a brand I have used for fifteen years—fifteen years too long!"

"The first trial was enough to show me that I had found something different, and far superior to the soap I had heretofore used. You have made the improvement that has made the perfect shaving soap."—"It gives a pleasant, soft, creamy lather."—"Makes it a pleasure to shave."—"Shaves cleaner and leaves the face free from itching."—"Colgate's superiority is particularly pronounced in the point of *not drying on the face*. My experience is by no means isolated, for I have yet to find a man who, having tried Colgate's, would go back to the soap he formerly used."—"I find the lather continues moist until I have finished."—"Yours gives me a smooth, durable lather."—"Yours has a heavier and firmer lather than any other I have used."—"It is a better lather and lasts longer."

"To any man with a wiry beard and tender skin, I most heartily commend Colgate's."—"It is best for a tough beard and tender skin."—"Heretofore I looked forward to shaving with a kind of dread, but with your stick have



**Does not smart
or dry on
the face**

no trouble at all."—"Shaving has been a bug-bear to me, but since I used Colgate's a real pleasure."—"Have been troubled by a stinging sensation after shaving and blamed my razor; with your soap and the same razor I enjoy a fine, quick shave."

"Colgate's Shaving Soap *does* what the other kind *claims* to do."—"I shaved with Colgate's to-day, and had the first delightful shave since I began shaving myself."—"My morning shave is a luxury since using your soap."—"Never used a shaving soap that produced the same delightfully cool sensation to the face."

"Have purchased several sticks for friends, who are as much pleased with it as I am."—"It is the best I ever used, and I have been shaving for 40 years."

"Your soap is simply delightful."—"It is just grand."—"The handiest, cleanest and best soap I ever used."—"Has given entire satisfaction."—"I could not do without it."—"The results are simply marvellous."—"It is a wonder."—"Indeed a 'Triumph of Modern Chemistry.'"—"I agree with you, it is 'the Magic Wand of Shaving.'"—"It acts like Magic."—"I never found a perfect soap till I used yours."—"I find it is perfection."

If you will clip and mail to us this paragraph from this advertisement, we will send you absolutely free a sample stick, in nickeled box, of Colgate's Shaving Stick.

"I have more than my money's worth."—"I have found your stick all that you set forth."—"It is all and more than you claim for it."—"You don't say enough for it."—"Yours is the Best."—"It is better than the soap I thought was best."—"There's nothing like it."—"It is absolutely the *best*, I know, for I've tried them all."—"I have missed much comfort in not getting acquainted with it sooner."

**"Its lasting lather and Pleasant Effect on the Face
Appeal to the Shaver and make Him a Convert."**

Convince Yourself by Sending 4 cents for Trial Stick in Nickeled Box
COLGATE & CO., CORISTINE B'LD'G, MONTREAL.

BETTER THAN THE SOAP YOU THOUGHT WAS BEST